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Fifth Series, }
Volume LXVI.

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{ From Beginning,
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AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

Dost thou not hear? Amid dun, lonely hills
Far off a melancholy music shrills
As for a joy that no fruition fills.

Who dwell in that far country of the wind?
The unclaimed hopes, the powers but half-
defined,
The shy, heroic passions of mankind.

All, all are young in those reverberate bands;
None marshals them, no mellow voice com-
mands,
They whirl and eddy as the shifting sands.

Ah, there is ruin and no ivy clings;
There pass the mourners for untimely things;
There breaks the stricken cry of crownless
kings.

There sounds the shepherd's pipe — a jarring
strain
Of migratory, restless, baffled pain,
As in the sunshine he had never lain.

And ever and anon there spreads a boom
Of wonder through the air, arrainging doom
With ineffectual plaint as from a tomb.

But through the moving currents, more re-
mote
Than the lark's twinkling wings, a bell-like
note
Clear through the muffled turbulence doth
float:

And there methinks that healing spirits live,
Gracious, benignant creatures, who can give
Welcome to errant thought and fugitive.

Contemporary Review. MICHAEL FIELD.

"ALL IN A GARDEN FAIR."

ALL in a Garden fair I sate, and spied
The Tulips dancing, dancing side by side,
With scarlet turbans dressed;
All in a Garden green at night I heard
The gladsome voice of night's melodious Bird,
Singing that "Love is best!"

The shy white Jasmine drew aside her veil
Breathing faint fragrance on the loitering gale,
And nodded, nodded, "Yes!
Sweetest of all sweet things is Love! and
wise!
Dance, Tulip! Pipe, fond Bird, thy melo-
dies!

Wake, Rose of loveliness!"

"Yet," sighed the swaying Cypress, "who
can tell

If Love be wise as sweet? if it be well
For Love to dance and sing?

I see — growing here always — year by year
The Bulbuls die, and on their grassy bier
Rose-petals scattering!"

All in that Garden green the Rose replied:
"Ah! Cypress, look! I put my leaves aside;
Mark what is mid this bush!

Three blue eggs in a closely woven nest,
Sheltered for music's sake, by branch and
breast!

There will be Bulbuls! hush!"

All in that Garden green the Bulbul trilled;
"Oh, foolish Cypress! thinking Love was
killed

Because he seemed to cease:
My best-belov'd hath secrets at her heart,
Gold seeds of summer-time, new buds to start;
There will be Roses! peace!"

Then lightlier danced the Tulips than before
To waftings of the perfumed breeze, and more
Chanted the Nightingale:

The fire-flies in the palms fresh lanterns lit;
Her zone of grace the blushing Rose unkut
And blossomed, pure and pale!

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

"MY HEART'S DELIGHT."

WHEN all the skies with snow were gray,
And all the earth with snow was white,
I wandered down a still wood way,
And there I met my heart's delight
Slow moving through the silent wood,
The spirit of its solitude:

The brown birds and the lichen tree
Seemed less a part of it than she.

Where pheasants' feet and rabbits' feet
Had marked the snow with traces small,
I saw the footprints of my sweet —
The sweetest woodland thing of all.
With Christmas roses in her hand,
One heart-beat's space I saw her stand;
And then I let her pass, and stood;
Lone in an empty world of wood.

And though by that same path I've passed
Down that same woodland every day,
That meeting was the first and last,
And she is hopelessly away.
I wonder was she really there —
Her hands, and eyes, and lips, and hair?
Or was it but my dreaming sent
Her image down the way I went?

Empty the woods are, where we met —
They will be empty in the spring;
The cowslip and the violet
Will die without her gathering.
But dare I dream one radiant day
Red rose-wreathed she will pass this way
Across the glad and honored grass:
And then — I will not let her pass.

Miss Nesbit's "Leaves of Life."

From The Contemporary Review.

A SOUTHERN OBSERVATORY.

ON Tuesday, August 21, 1888, the Union steam-ship Mexican crossed the line outward-bound for the Cape, and a certain proportion of her passengers, amongst whom was the present writer, found themselves for the first time in the southern hemisphere. A few nights later, half an hour's darkness before moonrise gave time for a splendid display of unfamiliar stars. The Southern Cross lay prone towards the west; Alpha and Beta Centauri shone triumphantly above it; Achernar was climbing the sky on the other side of a pole singularly denuded of bright companionship; the lucid streams and knots of the Milky Way were reflected in a pearly shimmer from gently heaving waves, the brilliant effect of the entire sidereal landscape being enhanced by the presence of Jupiter and Mars close together in Scorpio, while the dim cone of the Zodiacal Light, tapering upward from the sun's place, faded out above them on the black background of the sky.

The "four stars,"

Non viste mai fuor ch' alla prima gente,
appealed to mediæval imagination as a symbol and a prophecy of the uplifting of the cross in the waste places of the earth. Modern travellers regard them from a more prosaic point of view, and are apt to be "disappointed" at their unequal lustre and slightly unsymmetrical arrangement. The firmament they help to adorn, however, is of a splendor at first sight absolutely startling, and at all times peculiarly suggestive. The dullest mind can hardly fail to be roused to wonder by the appearance of the galaxy as it extends past Sirius amidst the grand procession of the stars in Argo, or where the great rift in its structure spans the heavens from the Centaur to the Swan. The intricacy of its branches, the *curdled* texture of its surface, the stupendous collection of distant suns, almost palpably rounded out from the void of space in Sagittarius; the abrupt vacuity of the "Coalsack," recalling the dark "lanes" tunnelling certain nebulae and star-clusters, invite, only to baffle, speculations, which the tempting

analogues presented by the never-setting Magellanic Clouds, with their mixed contents of stars and nebulae, help further to stimulate.

"What is the Milky Way?" may be called the question of questions for future astronomers; but it has only of late been brought to some extent within the range of available methods. More feasible aims prompted the foundation of southern observatories. English official astronomy in particular took its rise directly from the requirements of English seamen. Flamsteed was commissioned to determine the places of the stars, not because any speculative interest attached to them, but simply in order that they might serve for divisions (as it were) of the great dial-plate of the heavens, upon which the moon marked Greenwich time, and might hence be got to tell the longitude in every part of the world.

But English astronomy was incomplete, even from a strictly utilitarian point of view, so long as it failed to embrace the whole of the celestial sphere; and in proportion as England's colonial empire became consolidated, the need of a supplementary establishment to that at Greenwich was rendered more and more imperative.

In the choice of its situation, there was scarcely room for a doubt. The Cape of Good Hope was already distinguished as the scene of Lacaille's labors in 1751-3; and these furnished the virtual starting-point of austral astronomy. As their result, ten thousand southern stars and forty-two nebulae were *known* at the beginning of this century; and an indication of a somewhat anomalous character (yet the only one of any kind at hand) had been procured regarding the figure of our globe south of the equator. It seemed to show that the earth *bulged the wrong way* — in other words, was prolate instead of oblate. Its correction or verification was hence of extreme interest, and the re-measurement of Lacaille's arc of the meridian came to be recognized as a prime necessity of geodetic science. By an Order in Council, dated October 20, 1820, the establishment of a permanent observatory at the Cape was accordingly de-

creed, and the first royal astronomer was immediately afterwards appointed, in the person of the Rev. Fearon Fallows, of St. John's College, Cambridge.

A Cumbrian weaver's son, he had contrived, while still a boy working at the loom, to attain a notable proficiency in mathematics; and, his talents attracting attention, some gentlemen of the neighborhood subscribed to procure him a suitable education. He graduated in 1813, as third wrangler to Herschel's and Peacock's first and second, and was elected on the earliest opportunity a fellow of his college. The prosperity and happiness of his life culminated when he found himself, as his Majesty's astronomer at the Cape, in a position to marry the eldest daughter of his first patron, the Rev. Mr. Hervey, of Bridekirk.

This, however, was the last fortunate event of his life. Disappointment and chagrin presided over the entire series of poor Fallows's experiences in South Africa. Suspense through circumlocutory proceedings at home, anxiety due to the misconduct or lawlessness of those employed by him in the colony, vexation indescribable at the defects of the instrument he had chiefly relied upon, personal illness, the deaths of all the children successively born to him, at last exhausted his vital energies, and he died of dropsy supervening upon sunstroke and scarlet fever, July 25, 1831, at the age of forty-two. His grave is in a spot of ground consecrated by himself within a stone's-throw of the broken pier of his transit-instrument; and the syringa-trees he planted now lean their blossom-laden branches towards the upper windows of the dwelling-house where he might have hoped to spend many useful and happy years.

But his work at the Cape was not thrown away. The buildings of the new observatory were well planned and solidly executed; its site was judiciously chosen on a slightly rising ground three miles south-east of Cape Town, almost islanded by the converging sinuosities of the Liesbeck and the Salt River. A desolate spot enough it must indeed have been when Fallows took his first survey of it. Wolves

were then still common in the neighborhood; the cries of jackals mingled at night with the metallic chirping of the Cape frogs; the last Salt River hippopotamus had, not long before, met an untimely death by drowning in its marshes; the mole-burrowed hillside was bare of almost every form of vegetation save a luxuriant crop of thistles.

Now the smiling culture everywhere apparent indicates the neighborhood of a refined English home. The slopes are in spring all a-bloom with lilies, asters, and gladioli, delicately striped and shaded with pink and mauve, or flaunting gaudily in purple and orange; Australian willows — the Cape substitute for laburnums — make golden patches against the dark foliage of thick-growing pines planted half a century ago by Lady Maclear on the simple plan of inserting a cone into every molehill; clumps of aloes and eucalyptus recall the vicinity of the tropics; a grove of oaks and cypresses, due to Professor Piazzi Smyth's skill in forestry, brings memories of England; white arums, irresistible and all-diffusive, nestle round tree-roots, strain upwards to the light through the midst of tall shrubs and hedges, fling themselves in lavish profusion amidst the lush grass, marching processionally (so to speak) or halting in dense clusters, and making milky ways of blossom along every marsh and meadow. Here, indeed, are lilies, enough and to spare, to strew, "with full hands," the graves of a hundred young Marcelluses.

In succession to the weaver's lad from Cockermonth, there was appointed to direct the new South African observatory a solicitor's clerk from Dundee. Thomas Henderson began, at the age of fifteen, to devote his leisure hours to astronomy. His instinct, however, was for the mathematical part of the science; and he had probably never seen a transit-instrument, or handled a telescope, until after he came to reside at Edinburgh in 1819. His twofold life prospered. In his legal capacity he became secretary to Lord-Advocate Jeffrey; his astronomical calculations brought him to the notice of Dr. Thomas Young, Sir John Herschel, Captain Basil Hall, and other eminent men. In the sum-

mer of 1829, Dr. Young gave in charge to Professor Rigaud a memorandum urging Henderson's superior qualifications for the post of superintendent of the Nautical Almanac, vacated by his own death a fortnight later; and the recommendation was doubtless influential in procuring for him after three years the offer of the Cape observatory.

Assuming the chief command there in April, 1832, he accumulated in thirteen months a surprising number of valuable observations, still in part unpublished. One of the results derived from them was, however, of so striking a character as to attract instant and universal attention. It was nothing less than the first authentic determination of the distance of a fixed star.

After Sirius and Canopus, the brightest star in the heavens is Alpha Centauri. This beautiful object is easily resolved into two: one fully three times brighter than the other. And these two circulate round each other, or rather round their common centre of gravity, in a period of about eighty-eight years. The system thus formed was discovered by Henderson to have an "annual parallax" of just one second of arc. That is to say, the apparent places of the component stars, as viewed from opposite sides of the earth's orbit, differed, through a familiar effect of perspective, by $\frac{1}{182000}$ of the distance from the horizon to the zenith. The more refined determinations of Drs. Gill and Elkin, while establishing its reality, have since shown that Henderson's parallax was somewhat too large. The actual distance of Alpha Centauri from the earth is, in round numbers, twenty-five and a half billions of miles. Even the ethereal vibrations of light occupy four years and four months in spanning this huge interval; yet Alpha Centauri (so far as is at present known) is the nearest neighbor of our sun in space.

The attractive power of each of these coupled stars appears to be about equal; but while one is nearly twice, the other is only half as luminous, in proportion to the amount of matter it contains, as our own sun. Hence, according to our present notions, the darker, more condensed body

must be considerably more advanced on the road towards extinction than its brilliant companion, and an attentive study of its spectrum ought to give interesting results.

Henderson returned to Europe in 1833, unable, in the uncertain state of his health, to support the discomforts — long since banished with the wolves and jackals — of a residence at Observatory Hill. He became astronomer royal for Scotland in 1834, and died suddenly of heart disease ten years later.

The third astronomer at the Cape, and the first whose term of activity there was prolonged to a fitting conclusion, was an Irishman. Sir Thomas Maclear was born at Newtown Stewart, in County Tyrone, March 17, 1794. His career, like those of his predecessors, swerved insensibly towards the stars. He was a physician practising at Biggleswade, in Bedfordshire, whose astronomical proclivities had been fostered by the genial influence of Admiral Smyth, when summoned, as one may say, to the celestial charge of the southern hemisphere.

The Royal Observatories at Greenwich and the Cape of Good Hope form together an astronomical establishment such as no other nation besides our own can boast of possessing. It fitly represents the worldwide dominion of which it is the corollary. British empire on the seas led directly to British empire over the skies, the one gaining completeness as the inevitable consequence of the expansion of the other. Southern astronomy seems the proper appanage of the Anglo-Saxon race. Originating with Halley's expedition to St. Helena in 1677, Lacaille's work at the Cape formed the only exception worth mentioning to the rule of its prosecution by our fellow-countrymen on either side of the Atlantic. So far, indeed, as *geometrical* astronomy is concerned, it would survive, without vital injury, the destruction of all results except those obtained at Greenwich and the Cape. Geometrical astronomy is now, however, only one, though the most important, branch of the science.

Sir Thomas Maclear proved an indefatigable and skilful observer. He co-operated

energetically with Sir John Herschel, whose memorable stay at Feldhausen, three miles from the Royal Observatory, coincided with the first four years of his tenure of office. He remeasured and extended Lacaille's arc, thereby not only removing all doubt as to the conformity to scientific prediction of the earth's figure, but providing an invaluable groundwork for the survey of the entire colony, now in active course of prosecution by Major Morris, R.E. The long list of comets observed by Maclear includes Halley's, Donati's, Biela's, Encke's at four returns, and the great "southern" one of 1843. He accumulated materials for three star-catalogues, prepared for the press and published by his successors, Mr. Stone, the present Radcliffe observer, and Dr. Gill. And so completely had his interests become identified with those of his adopted home that he continued, after retiring from the Observatory in 1870, to reside in its vicinity; and on his death, July 14, 1879, was laid to rest within its grounds. His son, Mr. George Maclear, retains charge of the transit-circle procured by his father in 1855. It is an exact copy of that erected by Sir George Airy at Greenwich.

Mr. Stone was chief assistant at Greenwich when induced to accept the appointment to the Cape by the opportunity it offered for the preparation of an extensive star-catalogue, by the comparison of which with the earlier Madras and Brisbane catalogues something might be learned about the movements of southern stars. This object was most satisfactorily attained by the publication of the "Cape Catalogue for 1880," containing nearly twelve thousand five hundred accurately determined star-places. By a pure coincidence, Dr. Gould's simultaneous work at Cordoba had the same scope. Its brilliant results are familiar to all astronomers.

Mr. Stone surrendered the direction of the Observatory, in June, 1879, to the present royal astronomer. Dr. Gill is one of a long line of distinguished Aberdonians. An astronomer by "irresistible impulse," he, like Bessel, exchanged lucrative mercantile pursuits for the comparatively scanty emoluments awaiting the votaries of the stars. The "patines of bright gold," with which Urania's treasure-chests overflow, are not of terrestrial coinage.

The distance of the sun was the first problem upon which Dr. Gill delivered a substantial attack; and his solution of it still remains the best obtained by celestial trigonometry, corresponding so closely

with Newcomb's value of the same great unit, derived from direct measurement of the velocity of light, as to reduce within reassuringly narrow limits the uncomfortable margin of uncertainty left by the transits of Venus. In the observations of Mars made for this purpose at Ascension in 1877,* Dr. Gill employed the instrument of his predilection, called — on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle — a heliometer.

A heliometer is a telescope of which the object-glass has been sawn in two. This does not sound like, nor would it be, an improvement for purposes of simple star-gazing; but the end in view is different. It is that of *precisely* determining the angular distances between adjacent stars, or between a planet and stars near it, though in many cases beyond the range of the ordinary micrometer. The following is the way in which this end is compassed.

The half-lenses of the object-glass are separable by a very fine screw-motion, and they form independent and separable images of any object upon which the telescope is pointed. These images unite into one when the two segments unite to complete one circle; as they are made to slide apart, the images too slip sideways asunder to an extent which can be measured with the minutest accuracy by exquisitely divided scales read with a powerful microscope. In the actual process of observation, the telescope is fixed upon a point midway between the stars under scrutiny, so that the field of view is, to begin with, empty. Neither star can be seen. Then the segments of the object-glass are moved oppositely along a line brought beforehand to agree with the line of direction between the stars, until the more westerly (say) of the pair as imaged by one segment, and the more easterly as imaged by the other, begin simultaneously to appear, and are at last carefully made to coincide in the middle of the field. After the scales have been read, the motion is reversed, and a similar coincidence is brought about between the oppositely corresponding stars — that is, between the easterly member of the pair shown by segment No. 1, and the westerly member of the pair shown by segment No. 2. The total distance traversed is, of course, equal to twice the distance between the stars.

The refinements, however (which cannot here be explained), attendant upon

* For a popular account of the expedition, see Mrs. Gill's charming "Six Months in Ascension." Murray. Second edition. 1880.

these operations are what make their results valuable, and the process of educating them laborious. With the Copernican "triquetrum," the measured apparent intervals between any two of the heavenly bodies could be depended upon to within ten minutes; with the new Repsold heliometer, the error of a single observation is less than one-tenth of a second of arc. So that accuracy has been increased, in the course of three and a half centuries, some six thousand times! At what cost of patience and expenditure of the counted moments of individual human lives, as the fruit of what illuminations of genius, throes of invention, failures and disappointments in some quarters, compensatory triumphs in others, can never rightly be told. The progress achieved was by "leaps and bounds;" it must henceforth be by slow and painful foot-lengths, as the limit of possible accuracy is brought imperceptibly nearer. It is not likely that the astronomical data of three and a half centuries hence will be six thousand times more accurate than those at our disposal.

The heliometer is, of all others, the instrument best adapted for the work (exceedingly simple in principle, yet delicate to an almost inconceivable degree in the details of its execution) of determining stellar parallaxes. The diameter of the earth's orbit affords a base-line one hundred and eighty-six million miles in length, from opposite extremities of which—that is, at opposite seasons of the year—the distances between the object to be examined and two "comparison-stars" are measured. The infinitesimal alternate shift of the star nearest the earth to and from those with which it is compared (assumed, with little risk of error, to be indefinitely remote) is called its parallax. From its angular amount the distance in miles of the star from the earth can be at once derived.

The minuteness of this little parallactic *see-saw* is difficult to be realized by those unpractised in such matters. A displacement of one second on the sphere is equivalent to a shifting across the width of a human hair placed seventy feet from the eye. But no known star has so large a parallax as one second, which is as much as to say that no known star is so near to us as two hundred thousand times the distance of the sun. Positive results might, under these circumstances, well have been despaired of; yet they have, in a number of cases, been attained, and form the surer groundwork so far provided for investigations into the mechanism of the skies.

Dr. Gill's observations for stellar parallax were begun at the Cape, July 5, 1881, with the Dunecht heliometer, of which he had become the possessor by private purchase from the Earl of Crawford. He had as a coadjutor Dr. W. L. Elkin, who is now in very effective charge, at Yale College, of the only heliometer yet erected on any part of the American continent. Nine stars in all were measured, of which two gave no indications of possessing *any* sensible parallax. Both, remarkably enough, are brilliant stars of the first magnitude—Canopus and Beta Centauri—which, to shine as they do, from unfathomable depths of space, must be objects of astounding splendor. Canopus, especially, cannot emit less, and may emit a great deal more, than fifteen hundred times the light of our sun—unless, indeed, Dr. Elkin's "comparison-stars" should turn out to be physically connected, consequently at nearly the same distance from ourselves with the giant luminary they attend. This doubt will shortly be set at rest by Dr. Gill's measures, now being carried out with a different pair of stars.

Sirius was shown by the observations of 1881–3 to be at a distance such that its light occupies nearly nine years in reaching us. Its real brightness is that of sixty-three suns, while it attracts the semi-obscure body circulating round it in forty-nine years, with no more than thrice the solar power. This extraordinary lustre relative to mass seems to belong to all stars of the Sirian pattern as to spectrum, and is due most likely in part to their elevated temperatures, in part to the scantiness of their vaporous surroundings.

The success of the Cape investigations in this difficult branch of astronomy invited their continuation on a larger scale, and with more powerful instrumental means. The government was accordingly induced to sanction the construction, by Messrs. Repsold of Hamburg, of a new heliometer of above seven inches aperture, mounted last year in a building erected for its reception on the summit of the sunny slopes of Observatory Hill. The first view of this great star-measuring machine has, it must be admitted, a somewhat bewildering effect upon the uninitiated onlooker. The eye-end literally bristles with steel rods, handles, and screw-heads, almost as numerous as the stops of an organ, and requiring no less skill and knowledge for their proper use. The revolving "head" is armed with a strange-looking, radiated head-gear, like the sails

of a windmill, or a *nimbus* of tin sectors surviving from a barbarous age.

Everything here has, however, a definite purpose. These surprising "flappers" are, in fact, screens of wire gauze of graduated closeness, used for equalizing the brightness of the stars in the field of view, and so enabling the eye to hold the balance, as it were, even between them. The complex apparatus close to the observer's hand furnishes him with the means of easy control over the whole of the sky-gauging mechanism provided for him. None more perfect has been devised, yet the study of its "errors" is the indispensable preliminary to its use.

Only the sublime end in view could render tolerable the process of arriving at a complete "theory" of such an instrument. The patient laboriousness so readily commended in the heroes of science costs more than the readers of their biographies are apt to imagine. Interminable readings of scale-divisions, interminable castings-up of the columns of decimals expressing the differences of the successive readings, are not in themselves exciting occupations. But they must be pursued during some hours a day for a whole year before the "division-errors" of the new heliometer can be regarded as completely abolished because perfectly known. Nor is this all. Elaborate corrections and interpretations of other kinds have to be added; to say nothing of endless and anxious precautions in the observations themselves—precautions against personal and physiological, as well as against atmospheric and instrumental, causes of error. Accuracy is indeed arduous; and the astronomer who is not what the old Romans used, in their grand way, to look down upon as a *cumini sector*, had better learn another profession.

Twenty-seven stars in the southern hemisphere are now being, or are about to be, measured for parallax with the Cape heliometer. Their selection was governed by the ultimate object of gathering information as to the scale and plan of the marvellous aggregation of suns to which our sun belongs, and amidst which it is moving, in an unknown orbit, to meet unknown destinies. For this purpose, facts of two kinds are urgently needed—facts relative to the real distribution, and facts relative to the real movements, of the stars in space. Dr. Gill's operations, when completed, cannot fail to bring important reinforcements to our present small store of each.

Ten stars of the first magnitude lie to the south of the celestial equator, of which nine (Alpha Centauri being already safely disposed of) are in course of measurement at intervals of six months. The upshot will be to give the average distance corresponding to the first order of stellar brightness in the southern hemisphere. An analogous result has lately been published by Dr. Elkin for the ten chief northern luminaries. Their distance, "all round," proves to be thirty-six "light-years." That is to say, light from their photospheres affects our senses only after our planet has revolved, on an average, thirty-six times in its orbit round the sun. So that all our knowledge, even of the stars presumably nearest to the earth, refers, in this year 1889, to the "mean epoch" 1853. We shall learn presently whether the mean epoch for the southern bright stars corresponds approximately to this date; or whether a marked disparity may countenance the surmise of our eccentric situation in the group of luminaries to which our sun more especially belongs.

Dr. Gill's list includes five second-magnitude stars, the annual perspective displacements of which (if large enough to be measurable) will give something like a definite scale of increasing distance with decreasing lustre. A conclusion will then be feasible as to the rate of movement of the sun in space. The elder Struve made it about five miles a second; but on the supposition of the brightest stars being between two and three times nearer to us than they seem really to be. We can now see that the actual speed of the solar system can scarcely fall short of twelve, or exceed twenty miles, a second. By a moderate estimate, then, our position in space is changing to the extent of five hundred millions of miles annually, and a collision between our sun and the nearest fixed star would be inevitable (were our course directed in a straight line towards it) after the lapse of fifty thousand years.

The old problem of "how the heavens move," successfully attacked in the solar system, has retreated to a stronghold among the stars, from which it will be difficult to dislodge it. In the stupendous mechanism of the sidereal universe, the acting forces can only betray themselves to us by the varying time-configurations of its parts. But as yet our knowledge of stellar movements is miserably scanty. They are *apparently* so minute as to become perceptible, in general, only through observations of great precision extending over a number of years. Even the quick-

est-moving star would spend two hundred and fifty-seven years in crossing an arc of the heavens equal to the disc of the full moon. Yet all the time (owing to the inconceivable distances of the objects in motion) these almost evanescent displacements represent velocities in many cases so enormous as to baffle every attempt to account for them. "Runaway stars" are no longer of extreme rarity. One in the Great Bear, known as "Groombridge 1830," invisible to the naked eye, but sweeping over *at least* two hundred miles each second, long led the van of stellar speed; Professor Pritchard's photographic determination of the parallax of μ Cassiopeiæ shows, however, that inconspicuous object not only to be a sun about forty times as luminous as our own, but to be travelling at the prodigious rate of three hundred miles — while Dr. Elkin's result for Arcturus gives it a velocity of little less than four hundred miles — a second.

The "express" star of the southern hemisphere, so far, is one of the fourth magnitude situated in Toucan. Its speed of about two hundred miles a second may, however, soon turn out to be surpassed by some of the rapidly moving stars picked out for measurement at the Cape. Among them are some pairs "drifting" together, and presumed therefore to be connected by a special physical bond, and to lie at nearly the same distance from ourselves. This presumption will now be brought to the test.

A remarkable and typical change has affected the aims pursued at our southern national observatory since Dr. Gill assumed its direction. There has been a widening of purpose matching the widened scope of astronomical science due to the development of new methods. The practical usefulness of the establishment was never more conspicuous than at present. The shipping interests, railway service, and surveying operations of South Africa are in immediate dependence upon it. The whole fabric of the "old astronomy" — so far as one hemisphere is concerned — is held together by the re-determinations of "fundamental" and "standard" stars continually in progress at it. But while nothing of what was previously held in view has been relinquished, much of incalculable value has been added. Above all, the ideal or purely intellectual side of astronomy has obtained recognition, and in a form likely to be memorable in the history of the science.

The celestial-photographic Paris Congress of April, 1887, might be called

"epoch-making," for this reason alone — that it marked, officially and forever, investigations into the structure of the sidereal universe as part of the proper duty of astronomers. These inquiries, the most sublime, of the physical kind, with which the mind of man can be occupied, will not henceforth be abandoned to individual caprice, to be prosecuted by necessarily inadequate means, and neglected when those means (as they could not fail to do) should collapse under the strain put upon them. They will be pursued gravely, systematically, by the concerted efforts of successive generations, through the toil of innumerable unpretending workers guided to effectiveness by the highest intelligence of the times. A measure of success is, under these circumstances, certain; and even a small measure of success in this direction will suffice to broaden and deepen the channels of all future human thought.

Hence the profound significance of the decisions of the Paris Congress, by which an international scheme for photographically charting the heavens, and cataloguing a large proportion of their contents, was set on foot. Fortunately for its own reputation, our government, after long delay, has adopted what might have seemed the foregone conclusion that a share in this work is England's right and duty, and has authorized the construction of the requisite instruments for Greenwich and the Cape. Before another year has elapsed, they will be mounted in their respective places, and the recording process, to be carried on simultaneously at fourteen or fifteen observatories in every part of the world, will have begun.

Meanwhile, Dr. Gill, to whose initiatory energy the approaching realization of this great plan is due, has almost completed a preliminary task of vital importance to its due accomplishment, as well as to sidereal science in general. One of the most famous achievements of recent astronomy is the "Bonn Durchmusterung," a list of three hundred and twenty-four thousand stars from the north pole to two degrees south of the equator, observed by Argelander at Bonn. Until it was compiled, the smaller stars were a nameless crowd with no recognized identity. For the purposes of science, they could scarcely be said to exist. But once

Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,

their changes could no longer elude notice; and detected change leads commonly

to increased knowledge. A solid foundation was, moreover, laid for the study of sidereal statistics, destined, perhaps, to lead to momentous results at no distant future.

An extension of the "Durchmusterung" to the southern hemisphere was contemplated from the first, but was more easy to contemplate than to execute. No southern observatory was in a condition to undertake a task so colossal. Dr. Schönfeld, Argelander's successor at Bonn, carried, however, the enumeration as far as the southern tropic, where it seemed likely to stop, when some surprising photographs of the great comet of 1882, projected on wide fields of stars, taken at the Royal Observatory with the help of Mr. Allis of Mowbray, opened to Dr. Gill the possibility of completing Argelander's stellar review by this relatively unlaborious method. And the possibility is rapidly being converted into an accomplished fact. Two assistants, Mr. C. Ray Woods and Mr. Sawerthal, are employed every fine night in exposing plates with instruments, each consisting virtually of two telescopes, one for concentrating upon the plates the rays of the multitudinous stars within a field of thirty-six square degrees, the other for enabling the operator to keep them steadily there until their self-portraiture is finished. The whole heavens, south of the tropic of Capricorn, will have been covered in duplicate by next April, after which only some supplementary exposures will remain to be made.

Professor Kapteyn, of Leyden, is meanwhile busy measuring the plates successively transmitted to him from the Cape, and the resulting catalogue — the first derived from photographs — will probably be in the hands of astronomers by the year 1891. All stars down to the ninth magnitude, and many fainter, will be included in it, to the number of fully two hundred thousand. This important enterprise is a private and personal one. The entire responsibility for it, financial and other, is borne by Dr. Gill.

There is a prospect that, before another year has elapsed, the vexed question of the sun's distance will have been definitively set at rest. The immediate objects of measurement for the purpose with the Cape heliometer, in combination with some other instruments of the same class in Germany and America, are three of the minor planets — Iris, in October and November, 1888; Sappho and Victoria during the summer of 1889. The position of the planet between successive pairs of

stars distributed along its path during the favorable period when it culminates near midnight will be determined simultaneously from opposite sides of the equator according to a method devised by Dr. Gill, so stringent and *insistent* for accuracy that the errors admitted by it must be minute indeed. While celestial surveyors have two hundred and seventy asteroids at their disposal to mark the apexes of their triangles, the long gaps of time between the transits of Venus need be of little concern to them.

To describe the whole of the tasks in progress at the Royal Observatory — the cometary work chiefly in the hands of Mr. Finlay, the first assistant, the lunar and planetary observations, the laborious corrections of star-places and star-motions — would demand more space than is at our command. What has here been aimed at is merely to indicate the directions in which the activity of the establishment tends to expand, and to show that these directions are representative of the present, and must be decisive as to the future, of astronomy. There is room indeed, were the material means at hand, for further expansion. In the spectroscopic department the Cape record is still a blank. Yet the wise outlay of a few hundred pounds would suffice to set on foot, under exceptionally favorable circumstances as to climate and situation, inquiries into the physical condition of southern stars of extreme interest and inevitable necessity.

There is much to be learned, as well as enjoyed, from a visit to the Cape Observatory. Not only the work done there, but the manner in which it is done, is impressive. Lessons of earnestness of purpose, stability of aim, and cheerful self-devotion can scarcely be missed by the itinerant lover of astronomy, in whose mind they will be tempered and illuminated by reminiscences of the beauty of flowers by day, and of the glory of stars at night.

A. M. CLERKE.

From Temple Bar.

"A CHRONICLE OF TWO MONTHS."

CHAPTER IX.

THE passage showed no glimmer of light to denote that any of the household were wakeful. Lizzie Waylen's room seemed still and dark. The old man's door fitted too tightly to reveal anything, but his chamber was not as silent as the girl's. The regular drawing of hard

breathing rose and fell, rose and fell, inside. Was I relieved or terror-stricken by that breathing? The only other sounds were the tick of a clock on a landing below, and the creaking of boards under my feet. Directly opposite was George Hazlit's room, and by him only could assistance be given. He would be asleep; yet my knock was very light — too light to have aroused him. Still, I heard instantly the scraping of a chair, followed by a pause as if some one listened.

I repeated my summons. The passage began to grow dreadful to me, but I did not want to raise a general, perhaps unnecessary alarm.

This time a surprised voice said hastily, "What is it? Come in!"

I waited, however; heard an impatient exclamation; then advancing feet. The door was thrown open, and I saw a lamp-lit chamber, with George Hazlit dressed, but in his shirt-sleeves, standing on the threshold. Then, with a questioning gesture, the more eloquent that it was made mutely, he drew back for me to pass in.

For a moment I was unable to explain my appearance. The long-endured fear, the fresh, undefined dread, the loneliness from which I had come, the unfamiliar situation, and the sudden security which burst upon me at sight of him, so completely choked me, that I sank into the nearest chair, indicating, somehow, that at present words were beyond my power.

"Wait a bit. Don't try to talk yet. I know something has happened; but don't hurry. Good heavens! how white and frightened you look!"

Yes, I was suffering from the painful excitement, the after-effect of fright. But my nerves were gradually steadying. Soon I was alive to the fact that my head was resting against his arm, that I was hurting my fingers by the tightness with which they grasped the hand that held them. I rose and attempted to withdraw them, while in a voice that was strange to my own ears even, I said, "Don't think of me any longer; there is no time to be lost. Go to your father's room, and if you find him there, I will watch with Mrs. Hazlit, go to Miss Waylen, go anywhere; but not back to the room I have come from. No! No!"

He surveyed me doubtfully, and shook his head. I know he thought that from some cause or another I was wandering; but I repeated, "Go, go!" in accents so eagerly imploring that, as though partly humoring me, he went — lingering a brief second to push my hair gently back, where

it fell hot and heavy over my forehead, an action that at the time I scarcely perceived.

Involuntarily, when he left me, I noticed the details of the chamber. The litter of personal belongings, books, implements for fishing or shooting, etc., scattered over the scanty furniture, and filling the half-opened cupboards. There was a lamp burning on the table by which I had been sitting, but no materials for reading or writing. George Hazlit must have been buried in thought when I disturbed him.

He had but time to cross the landing, knock at Mr. Hazlit's door, enter, when my observations were finished; for directly afterwards I heard an exclamation of utter astonishment, that brought me in a moment to his side.

A strong odor of alcohol and drugs filled the sick-room, whose quiet the heavy breathing still disturbed. Its light was dim. Two candlesticks always stood on the mantelshef, but one was gone, and in the other the candle was guttering in the socket, throwing, as the flame rose and fell, alternate gleams and deep shadows over walls and ceiling. At the bed-head, in the depths of an enormous canopied armchair, covered with dull-blue chintz, was Isabella — fast asleep! Her arms, encased in their red sleeves, hung supine by her side; and the tint and blank inexpressiveness of her face might almost have been that of a dead woman.

But the bed? the bed on which I had so lately seen the fierce old face lying, its aquiline features resolved into a cameo-like chiselling; the long limbs, the knotted, large-boned arms and wrists stretched languidly, their vigor ebbing? The bed was empty, the clothes were trailing on the carpet, the pillow was flung down, the occupant was gone!

An Indian dressing-gown of a whitish grey, that I had several times noticed hanging across the foot of the bedstead, was not there. My fears were fulfilled. There was no room for doubt as to what I had seen in the garden.

George passed round the bed, raising a bottle from where it stood on the ground beside the woman. It was brandy, brought up for Mr. Hazlit's use, and now, significantly, nearly empty. He was bending, as if to shake Isabella by the shoulder and awaken her, when I prevented him.

"Don't, don't! You will waste time in trying to make her understand. And he must have gone after she fell asleep. I know — that was what frightened me. He

was in the garden, and at first I took him for a spirit, just before I came to you."

I spoke low. Awe subdued my voice. But all our movements had been so hushed, that Lizzie, sunk in the repose of exhaustion, could not have been disturbed by them.

"Come!" I added, "I will take you where I saw him. Perhaps he is walking in his sleep. Who can tell what may happen? Let us be quick!"

"I am going. I shall soon find him, and bring him back," he answered; his words affecting a composure that his features belied. "But *you* mustn't come. We will awake Miss Waylen, and you can stay with her. I shall not have to go far. His strength cannot last; it is amazing that he has done this; and without alarming anybody."

"Don't ask me to stay. The fright would come back again. I *dare not* stay in the house, either by myself or with Miss Waylen, until your father is found. Let me go; I will help you if I can."

He did not argue. Speed was necessary, and we went down in the darkness, across the hall, finding the door pulled to, but not closed, and into the open air. As we drew it after us I thought that a sound like a short angry cry for a moment broke upon the stillness, but there was nothing further. No rustling, like leaves being brushed by the folds of a garment, no soft steps. But there were marks faintly impressed on the soft gravel, that could be dimly seen.

We followed the path as it turned the corner of the building, then paused, listening so keenly that we almost forbore to breathe. Our eyes sought all around, amongst the shrubs, between the trees. No sign of human figure and no noise. We were standing by the outside of a small door, down three steps, and much sunk in the wall, which was another entrance to the underground regions, when George, whose eye suddenly lighted upon it, ran down the steps and narrowly examined it. I heard him say something, try the door, then shake it vigorously.

"My father has been here," he declared, returning to the path after vain efforts to effect an entrance. "I've found a bit of his dressing-gown caught in the door. But it's locked. It's strange for him to have locked it behind him, when he left the house-door open. I wish I'd looked under his pillow to see if the keys were there."

"The pillow was on the floor," I said quickly. "But I noticed no keys. And

yet, when I saw him from my bedroom window, he had a candle in one hand, and shook the other in the air; and the hand he shook was quite empty. I'm sure of that, besides, the keys would have jingled."

"Then I can't understand it. The piece of stuff proves he's been through there. He must be below somewhere. The only thing to be done is to try the other entrance."

And descend thence to the damp, vermin-ridden underground; there in the maze of darkness and bewildering complexity where I had once penetrated, to search for the crazed wanderer of the night and find him how, and where?

George gave me his hand to pilot me through the unfamiliar bearings of the dark kitchen, half debating whether to rouse Keezie, who slept up a staircase leading from it, but deciding not to lose the time.

If the kitchen was dark, the cellar steps were pitch black. Their gravelike gloom, their slippery steepness, would have daunted me, might have wrung some exclamation of dismay from my lips, but for the reassuring grasp of the firm hand which kept me from stumbling. I divined that the pause we made at the bottom was to get the lantern, and silently awaited its lighting. But the delay seemed to be long. George had stretched out his arm confidently towards the place where it is kept, and began to feel about the wall, I hearing his sleeve brushing against its rough surface. Then he stooped and appeared to be exploring the floor with his hand; finally a vehement interjection broke the stillness.

"The lantern's gone. What's to be done in this dark, even if I can get in?"

He slightly pushed the door as he spoke, and to our astonishment its unexpected yielding precipitated us forward.

"Stranger than ever — some one has been through here!" In the circular cellar, something, that by comparison with what had gone before might be termed light, stole feebly through the roof. By straining I made out the position of its shelves and big centre table, and the outline of George's figure, as he stood now hesitating how to shape his course. Listening for some indication that we were not alone in these dim cavities.

Was there any sound? Anything but the "scratch," "scratch," of the rats, or the ticking of my companion's watch, exaggerated by the unusual quiet? Was there nothing beyond, which from its in-

termittent revivals and cessations forbade disbelief of its reality? Was it not the verdict of my own breast that George confirmed when, after some interminable minutes had ticked themselves away, our hands giving quick responsive pressure, an emphatic "There!" escaped him. There was a sound.

It was difficult to guess from what direction it proceeded, but there was a distant noise like a dragging over the bare stone, progressing very slowly. It stopped, went on, stopped again, and was again resumed. I was about to speak, but a movement from George dissuaded me, and I could tell that every fibre of his mind was strained in watchfulness.

"It is quite plain?" I murmured, when he at length drew a deep breath and relaxed his attitude.

"Yes. But I hear two distinct sounds. They fall together; I can't separate them — can't make out if they come from the same place."

No, my ears were either inferior or truer. I only heard the rasping sweep upon the floor. Nearer now — a little nearer. George put his hand in his pocket suddenly, and drew something out.

"I had forgotten these," he said, striking a match. Now we can try to find the way we must take."

The match held high, showed the ring of doors, grim and impenetrable, round us — except that the fastenings of one were withdrawn. It was that of the household adytum, wherein the god was enshrined, upon its sacred pedestal!

George's eyes fell there and were fixed. He manifested no wonder to see it open, and I conjectured I was answering his thoughts as I said, —

"Mr. Hazlit has been here?"

A mysterious head-shake — "Perhaps."

He threw down the spent match and drew me towards an archway leading down a long passage. My foot on the way encountered a soft lump, which, almost absently, I raised. As I did so the last flicker of light struck it and I saw that it was a handkerchief with a blue border.

"Do you mind darkness again?" my companion asked as we went along. "I know the place too well to go astray, and we might reach the old man any moment — and he has a candle, you say? Listen, there is the — step. The worst is, in this maze we might be scarcely six yards apart and not meet."

"I hear something fresh, now," I whis-

pered suddenly, "like a footfall, very quiet, but quite distinct."

The sound, which must have been Mr. Hazlit's trailing robe, was fainter, perchance deadened by an extra thickness in the walls; but plainly to be distinguished from it was the step, that fell lightly and stealthily upon the stones. The rats that squeaked about us did not hide it.

"You will not lose the way?"

"No." The tone was confident, to reassure me.

Our advance was noiseless, our tread awakening no echoes. The dripping of the damp down the walls, where once or twice my shuddering hand, touching them in the narrow way, encountered a living sliminess from which it loathingly recoiled, was as audible as we. Ever as we hurried on, the slow rustle, and the tapping footfall, accompanied us. They were nearing each other, and George was surely overtaking them — by turnings that seemed to be inextricably confused and devious, but that gained upon their object steadily.

"If it were not so terribly still! Shall we ever reach them?"

I did not intend my stifled whisper to be heard. It was an outcome of terror, magnified by repression. Not personal terror; with my protector near me I had nothing to fear. But my low accents were caught. George made a pause, the first in a passage which had become as swift as it was wordless.

"If I dare call? But I daren't risk startling the old man. If he's sleep-walking he might slip somewhere and hurt himself, else I'd make the walls ring. Dear" — his voice came closer to me, stirred my hair — "if you can hold up two minutes longer it will be enough."

In that brief halt, as he passed his arm round the thick folds of my mantle, a bright gleam flashed through a chink in the wall — flashed momentarily, and vanished. We doubled and turned, went up and down steps, with such an impetus of haste as if the whole result of the quest we had undertaken depended upon a second sooner or later. At length, taking an abrupt twist, as instantaneously as an electric flash can turn night into day, we emerged at the extremity of a wide vaulted space, and saw that our long search in obscurity and doubt was finished.

I beheld Mr. Hazlit, his back towards us, only his white head and long gown visible, bearing in his lifted bony hand the missing candlestick — but some gust of air had extinguished the candle. He was

perfectly motionless, like a statue, on the verge of a steep flight of steps leading down to an open archway; some strange working of his mind seeming to delay his descent. In his sleep-walking trance arrived thus far on his course, he had arrested himself.

In an angle of the wall alongside, holding the lantern so that its full rays were shrouded, the heavy keys — taken, doubtless, from the invalid's pillow by his wife, before she drank herself to stupor — lying near him on the ground, was Septimus. No hair of his head was disordered; no part of his dress displaced. But his complexion was so blanched that the rims round his eyes took a deep red by contrast. His unoccupied hand unceasingly brushed his moustache. It was the same Septimus whose smile curled appreciatively over the moral subtleties of his yellow-covered novels; who, eschewing violence, had yet brought the subjection of a strong woman to a point which his cool vindictive temper enjoyed; who had constrained me to a tacit sufferance of a manner I abhorred. And yet, there was an ominous difference. The hidden ferocity was uppermost. Regardless of all but attaining his object, callous as to the means, ruthless in using them, if the occasion befriended him, the crafty tiger gathered for his spring.

In the same second as that of the appearance of this vision, I heard George utter a loud shout — a cry of warning and menace. Then as he flew on I knew that Septimus had darted forward. I saw him come in violent collision with the motionless figure of the old man. Then swiftly, as if stricken with a thunderbolt, he was gone, and Septimus, crouching by the edge of the rugged descent down which he had partly slipped, glowered sullenly at his brother.

I pressed my hands before my eyes, my heart beating as if it would burst, and I heard the voices exclaim simultaneously,

"What are you doing here?" the question was a knell of accusation.

"What made you shout? I had followed him long enough, I was watching my time to rouse him safely. Why in Heaven's name did you call out like that when he was standing by those steps? He may be dead at the bottom there!"

The reply was barely beyond a whisper, as George moved down the flight. "I wish to Heaven it had been my voice only that made him fall down."

Septimus picked up his lantern, the glass of which was broken, and slowly

followed. I took my hands from my eyes then; and before he vanished I caught his profile, caught the expression in which an indefinable eagerness struggled with a moody shrinking.

"Well?"

"He's moving, he is not dead!"

Here, shrill and piercing like the note of some harsh-voiced bird, I heard, —

"Not dead — not gone yet; but I reckon he'll be a corpse before we lay him in his bed. Look at his hands, scormin' on the ground like spiders; and his eyes!"

"Help me to lift him. Quick!"

There was a faint, gurgling moan, a long-drawn breath. Then the unequal shuffling movements of men who try to raise a heavy burden. By-and-by an inaudible remark from George.

"What's yonder? In t' cellar?"

Gradually ascending into view, came first the grey, uncovered locks, and then the wrinkled face of Keezie. Wrapped in a patchwork quilt she seemed a very witch.

"Lawk the night, child! You look dyin' yourself. What brought you here?"

"Go back; go and help! They will want you. I shall follow."

By word and gesture I dismissed her where her help was needed. She obeyed, and with slow steps, slow because I shrank from overtaking what the men carried, I stole in their rear. Was it alive or dead? The moaning had ceased, so had the labored breathing. At the bottom of the damp, uneven steps lay Mr. Hazlit's candlestick, dented and battered, and the stone was spattered with some crimson, ghastly drops. The archway opened straight into the circular cellar; and thus George's shout, through the open doors, must have penetrated to the old servant's ears and brought her in haste to ascertain its cause. That entrance to the dying man's hoard was free, that his treasures were accessible to any intruder, no one noted now. On went the procession, mute, save for Keezie's interjections, and horribly resembling a funeral train; the helpless burden with its white wrappings hanging like a pall, the measured advance of its bearers, and the old woman behind holding the lantern torch-wise on high. One glance of my eyes, the only one I took, painted all indelibly on my brain.

Up-stairs — on — on — it seemed a dream. Dimly I understood that we had left the hateful underground, we had gained the hall staircase, and I grasped the handrail to assist my feet. Once more the occupant was laid upon the bed which

he had quitted to follow the mysterious impulse that might never now be known; pursuing the lonely night walk, so implacably dogged, so awfully ended.

Dreamily I was aware that Isabella, roused by horrified alarm to complete wakefulness, was uttering loud exclamations; that Lizzie, with her long hair loose about her, was leaning over the bedside; that George by the mantelshef was clasping his hands over his face so that it was completely hidden; that Septimus, impassive as a marble block, his head sunk in his shoulders, stood with folded arms, and dropped eyelids that never shifted from the recumbent form upon the couch.

A strange murmuring began. An incoherent rapid babbling. At first unintelligible, then growing plainer—shaping into words that hurried on unconnectedly.

"Rain! rain! Not to-day. The grass will be wet, and the trees—drip, drip,—not to-day, I tell you! . . . If the worms were to bore holes!

"What are you afraid of, eh? Day's sunlight, night's candlelight, what's the difference? Damaris wasn't a coward. Septimus isn't.

"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also; that's true Scripture. Let me go—I *will* go—I *must*. Up! up! The candle, Damaris, the candle! The bats are flying low—take care—they're thieves. Miles away—miles away—how far it is!"

A long pause; the last word had died away in a drawn-out, weary cry.

"Down; now further and further. How steep and how cold! How cold! Slow and sure. Ah!"

Low and thrilling rang that "Ah!" in the tone of one who falling from a precipice clutches frantically and uselessly at the sliding banks. A movement went through the room. There was a creaking, as if the old man had raised himself upon the bed.

"It was the last hill I fell down years ago—when I was a boy. Some one peeped over and said, 'Well done!'"

The final "Well done!" was repeated. Then came a ghastly, feeble laugh, and something dropped heavily, heavily back.

I caught a murmur in Lizzie's voice; and then my ears grew dead to further sounds.

CHAPTER X.

It was after a long forgetfulness, for the light was strong even through the close-drawn blinds of my bedroom window, that I began to be conscious of the presence

of the old housekeeper, seated by the bed in which I was lying. My mantle had been taken off, and the room was a little disarranged by the means which had been tried to restore my senses. A stream of sunshine, that found admittance through some aperture, was playing gently over the counterpane, and it seemed to be the only moving thing within the house. So perfect was the quiet, Keezie did not, at first, notice my awakening; for she was not looking at me, but straight forward, with frowning eyebrows and a brooding face.

My moving drew her attention. She got up, and began to speak in a low tone, quite different from her usual key.

"You've come to at last, ma'am. Well, well, that's right. The doctor 'll be here soon, and give you something that 'll do you good. Mr. George was in a taking when he found you lying by old master's door—save his soul! And nobody to say how long you'd been there; for he thought you were safe back in your own room."

"The 'save his soul' prompted my enquiry,—

"Mr. Hazlit is dead?"

"Yes, ma'am; he died last night—and what wonder? To rise from a sick-bed, to travel in the damp garden and cellars, and then to have such a fall! But the blame rests—if it's to rest anywhere—with her as goes to sleep instead of watching, and lets him wander off, knowing nothing about it. A watcher, faith! Better have had the old woman as night nurse!"

"What does *she* say?"

"What can she say? Nought. Except just that he was wakesome at first, and seemed himself, only curious—curious and restless. And he was pleasant with her, and not vexed that Lizzie should be getting a rest—rather pleased like. He asked a many questions about who was in the house, and if all were in bed. Then she gave him his medicine, and he told her where the brandy was, and asked for some, and said it did him a power of good. At last he seemed to drop asleep quite sudden, and she—well, she told little else, she was too shamed; but we can guess what happened then pretty well. How she came to be so heavy that she never heard him put on his dressing-gown, and get a candle, and wander off upon Lord knows what fancies! Depend on it he knew what he was about. The old man was always cunning. He'd the idea in his head all the time, and thought he'd

stop her preventing him, when he reminded her there was drink about."

"Was — her husband — very angry?"

"Um. I've heard him say more at other times. You see when the Hazlits know death must come, they take it comfortable at the end. But she's shamed; she can't speak or hold her head up, and she looks as if she'd like to tear somebody. She's with Miss Waylen now, and if she lets her out of her sight, I reckon it 'll cost her worse than has ever happened since they were married, judging by the master's words to her, as I heard."

"What do you mean? Watch — spy upon Miss Waylen! Who can dare? Who has any right to make a prisoner of her? She can leave the house any minute she chooses."

Keezie gave one of her most meaning sniffs.

"Don't try to get up, miss; you're weak. You've had too bad a fainting-bout to bear exciting yourself. But I'll tell ye" — the old woman stooped her uncanny visage until it was within a few inches of me, and whispered, "There's summat brewing — summat queer, that I may guess at, but ha'n't been told. The outside doors have been fastened, and there's no leaving the house but by Mr. Septimus's knowing. Same down below, where the old man fell, all's locked up; and the boy was sent over to Bollerton early this morning — not only for doctor, I fancy. Day won't pass over without us finding out what it means."

"Is it anything that Mr. Hazlit's brother understands? What is he doing in all this?"

Oh for his presence then, to answer one question I yearned to ask, that far exceeded Keezie's knowledge! For his voice to declare that my eyes had played me false, that my senses had been bewildered, and my conviction untrue! That the house was not stained with a terrible crime; that to remain in it was not to be within the shadow of a curse, that, even to myself, I dared not name!

"Nothing yet, ma'am. When all was over, and we — Miss Waylen and me — was about his father, he went straight away. Mr. Septimus wanted to stop him; but he gave him a strange look, a look I shall never forget, and said: 'Not an instant; not if the world hung on it. We'll talk afterwards.' It was as he was going out he found you, and carried you here, and sent me to you. Then he locked himself up in his room, and I heard his steps

up and down, up and down, till you'd have marvelled he didn't drop with fatigue. And Mr. Septimus sent Miss Waylen off, as you'd thrust away vermin. Then it was he told his wife, quietly, to keep guard of her, and note she didn't give her the slip. I knew things 'ud be altered for *her* when old master had gone. I knew it *well*."

The malicious exultation of Keezie hardly struck me. There was only one thought on which my mind would dwell. I longed to be alone to turn it over and over, striving to magnify its uncertainty.

"I should like — I *am* weak. Will it trouble you, Mrs. Skeey, to get me some tea? And then you need not stay. I am sure you must be very busy just now."

"Trouble! I'll get you something strengthening in a jiffy. But not your sloppy tea alone. Something that'll do you more good."

As she liked; it was the same to me. I wanted nothing but solitude. Still she delayed, giving a long recital of the portentous dreams from which George's shout had violently roused her. How, alert on the instant, she had found, to her astonishment, doors unlocked and open, that were usually so carefully secured. Her graphic description of the raising and removing of the old man, and the minutest details of the after-scene, were given with the peculiar unction with which her class dwells upon the circumstances attending dissolution.

"And to think that it was you that saw him first, out on the path there! Else we'd have heard and known nothing till this morning, when he'd have been found stiff and stark. Mr. George told me how it was you come to be down-stairs, when he laid you down here, and how —"

I was obliged to stop her. My faintness, which must have betrayed itself in my face, gave me an excuse for hurrying her departure.

It seemed as if it had been waited for. As her loosely shod feet began to shuffle down-stairs, the handle of a door turned. Not that of the one Keezie made her exit by, but of another, which was generally locked on the further side, and opened into Miss Waylen's room.

Lizzie appeared on the threshold. She usually wears black, but at the moment the sombre hue assumed a special meaning. I noticed that although she was extremely pale, there was no evidence of emotion or repressed excitement about her, like that which when we were last alone had made her give way to an out-

burst of feeling. Her face and mien, on the contrary, had a kind of deliberate, strung-up composure, such as one calls together to meet an expected crisis. This was so palpable that, at the time, it greatly altered her.

I held out my hand in welcome that was truly heartfelt. Overborne by thoughts that weighed heavily upon my bodily weakness, the advent of a woman of like years, to whom I could speak of things upon which I was tongue-tied with the case-hardened Keezie, was a relief.

"I heard your voice," said Lizzie gently. "I came to see if you were better."

"I want to feel better quickly, Lizzie," I replied. "I want to be quite myself. I must leave here at once. Both because I am in the way now — I am an intruder — and for other reasons. If this house was my home, and I fell ill in it, I should never leave my bed. I should die of fright. You once said to me 'I shall die,' or 'I *should* die,' and I thought you were hysterical. That is my feeling now."

She was surprised by my vehemence. She knelt by the bedside, and took the hand that I eagerly held out.

"It must have been dreadful for you last night; and the end came very suddenly. But still, I've always fancied you braver — much braver — than I, and I won't tell you what I have gone through. The times, the numberless times, especially since Mr. Hazlit began to fail, that I have been alone at midnight, where you, at any rate, had some one to give you courage."

She did not know, and I could not tell her, could never utter to any living being but one, the real horror that clung about me.

"How strange of Mr. Hazlit," I pursued, evading what she said, "to send you wandering after his money, or whatever it was, at such hours!"

"His brain had been disturbed for months," she replied quietly, "more than anybody but myself had any idea of; and yet his will was as strong, or stronger, than ever. Sometimes members of the family do grow like that in their old age. And his crazes all ran one way — the way of his money. You would scarcely believe half he used to do, or half the delusions and alarms it gave him, before he began to lose his strength."

"Do you think last night he was walking in his sleep?"

"No. I believe he *seemed* to go to sleep to deceive Isabella. I think he was awake, quite awake; but so lost to every-

thing except what he wished to do, that he might as well have been in a trance. If he had not fallen — What is it, Mrs. Markenfield?"

"Can you open the window — wide, please? And will you give me some water off the table there?"

She did so. The fresher air was reviving; so, also, the pungent vinegar which she found on the dressing-table, and brought.

"I want to make a confession," she began rapidly, kneeling down again, and glancing apprehensively at both doors, as if fearing the conversation might be interrupted before she had finished what she had wished to say; "to confess that when I begged, entreated, you not to go away for a while, I foresaw that Mr. Hazlit's death was drawing very near. Of course it was impossible to foresee the circumstances that have attended it; and I dreaded — oh, how I dreaded! — meeting it alone — encountering what must come afterwards, what is partly come now, without one person at hand to stand by me, or feel friendly to me. Sometimes I have frightened myself so, imagining what might happen, that I might not even escape with life."

"With life! What wickedness are you talking of?"

"I will tell you partly now. Years ago Mr. Hazlit lent my father money, and was often very angry that the interest was not paid up, threatening dreadful things. When he came to our house, I used sometimes to see him, and he took a liking to me. He knew that I had been educated very well for my position; that I did all my father's writing, and managed his accounts. Mr. Hazlit was never friendly with either of his sons, and, at the time, the elder was abroad on business, not married. He began to notice me a good deal — I was about seventeen then — and at last he made my father the offer of free quittance and a further advance of money if I would come to live at the Owlery and be his housekeeper and secretary. The farm was in a poor state then for stock and machinery, and my father was eager that I should accept. But I stood out. I hated the idea, although I was not very kindly treated at home; I said I wouldn't go. Then father — oh, it was wrong of him! but the temptation was great — grew almost violent, threatening to put me out of doors if I didn't do as he wished."

"What a shame!"

"In the end I came. I was forced to give in. You have seen a little of my life

here — well, so it has been for years. Better when George is at home — worse whenever Mr. Hazlit appeared to put extra confidence in me. No wonder, it was natural, especially in such a family. Still the worst — far the worst — of all I have suffered, I hardly like to speak about it, didn't come through suspicions about the money. It was something besides."

I did not urge her to proceed. I maintained silence during the pause that followed, awaiting what she was going to tell me.

"I hadn't been here long, and hadn't quite so much to do for Mr. Hazlit as afterwards, when Septimus came from abroad — not to the Owlery for some time, to another part of the county, where he got married without saying anything about it. He'd heard of me, and I think he meant his wife to take my place. When he did come home, I pitied Isabella more than I do now. They used to quarrel fearfully, and he said such terrible things to her. She didn't drink then; she hated the dulness he kept her in, and struggled against it until she was thoroughly mastered. Well, when that man got to know me, he began to talk in a way he had no right to; to pay me compliments, and throw out hints as to what a good thing it would be in every way if we liked each other. I used to creep anywhere to avoid him, and pretended not to hear or understand half he said to me. Luckily, his business during the day, and his father's being about in the evening, prevented his having many opportunities."

"But why didn't you tell your relations, and make them take you away? or, at all events, go to Mr. Hazlit?"

"I did write to father; but I didn't tell him everything, and he said I must have exaggerated, and that I had better speak to Mr. Hazlit. But there was a reason that kept me at first from doing so."

Her habitual screen of timid dissimulation came over her face as she said this.

"At last, one day when his father was from home, he came here, and began in the old odious strain; about my looks, and the tedious life I thought fit to endure, when it was in my power to make it so much brighter. I tried to leave the room, and he got between me and the door, and seized my arm. Then I forgot the fright which had kept me quiet before, and called out loudly, hoping that Keezie would come."

"Wretch! Did she come?"

"No; she never heard. But his wife

was crossing the garden as I screamed, and ran in, and — understood."

"What a disgraceful position for him! What did she say, Lizzie? What happened then?"

"He dropped my hand, and stood quiet for a minute, looking from one to the other of us, and then he laughed."

"Laughed! He should have been covered with confusion."

"Why, Mrs. Markenfield, why? You do not know him. His feelings did not suffer; it was ours that were outraged. Mine the most; for I could tell, and I was glad of it, that Isabella was only in a rage. But he cares nothing for any one's feelings; they don't weigh straws with him. I am sure that, directly he recovered from his surprise, he was *really* amused."

"Lizzie, then, forgive me, but I must say what I truly think, the only thing proper left for you to do was to quit the house at once."

"I couldn't then. The way was not free for me to leave."

Her tone in saying this recalled to me strongly the obstinacy with which she had repulsed my overtures toward rescuing her from her painful servitude, and also a little of the distrust of her motives that I had previously felt.

"What a powerful chain must have held you! — one compared to which the interests that brought you here must have sunk to nothing."

She may have detected latent meaning in my words. I was wishing strenuously that I could liberate my mind altogether from the idea that mercenary considerations had had a share in making her put up with everything that is most obnoxious to a self-respecting woman. She did not, however, allude to it, but went on with her story, looking frequently towards the door, feeling that Mrs. Skey might at any moment return.

"From that time Septimus's manner entirely changed. He has never forgiven me for being able to thwart him. He hates people who do that; and he had such a contempt for my powers of resistance, for my want of strength of character, that his dislike of me, after he found I could stand up against him, was all the bitterer. The next occasion when he came across me alone his tactics were quite altered. He said, with a sneer, that I was a girl to be admired; a girl of practical views, with no romantic folly about me. The son was nothing worth my while; I preferred the rich old father. He congratulated me. Perhaps the —

the speculation — might not turn out so good as I expected; but there was always room for a large margin of hope. *My* father hadn't made a bad bargain for once in his life.

"Afterwards," resumed Lizzie, breaking a short silence, in which unspeakable wonder at the cool master of wickedness of whom she spoke possessed me, "in his peculiar way, not as if he were trying to do it, but artfully, as he does everything, he managed that every one — his wife, Keezie, the few tradespeople who come to the house, the neighbors in the village, the people at Bollerton — should believe this. But not even that, not the rudeness of Keezie, or the coarse hints of Isabella, or the curious eyes I met out of doors, which I soon learned to expect, were to be compared to his own manner."

I could well believe it.

"Where the others can only touch roughly and clumsily, he can say things, and always politely and smoothly, which cut like knives. He pretends to think that I am proud of my position, such as he assumes it to be, and treats me with a mock courtesy that is the cruellest indignity. Oh, Mrs. Markenfield, you have seen him do this once or twice, and yet you know nothing!"

"Lizzie, if it had turned out useless to appeal to your father, there was still Mr. Hazlit. Why not have told him? Why not say that you could not submit to such degradation, and then go at once? Rough and money-gripping as he was, surely he would have liberated you without forfeit?"

Her head dropped low, her hands half hid her face as she whispered, —

"I did tell him. I spoke to him then. All that for shame I could tell him, he knew."

"Well?"

"He was too coarse-fibred to understand that what was not true should be such agony to me to be accused of. He told me that I ought to laugh in my sleeve; that it was Septimus's turn now, but it would be mine one day."

She was going to say something more; but just then our ears caught the "shuffle-shuffle" of feet outside.

"I won't stay any longer." Lizzie rose quickly. "I only meant to come in to see how you were. I shall go back to my own room now, for I'm afraid I've tired you with too much talking. Isabella is there, lying down, and doesn't seem disposed to get up, although she is sadly in my way. Oh, Mrs. Markenfield, if you knew what a relief it is to me that you are here! I

have been a terrible coward at the idea of what I must face; but I am beginning to have better courage."

She quitted me, just as Keezie appeared, full of words. "Everything was at sixes-and-sevens this day; fire out, and nothing handy."

The vigor-bestowing food, although I could scarcely eat it, gave me the renewed energy I wished for. To the old woman's dismay, I insisted afterwards on rising forthwith. Before all, I longed to see George Hazlit. Peradventure, my mind might yet be eased by his lips from the burden which last night had cast upon it. Then, also, if Lizzie needed an encouraging voice or friendly aid, I should be at hand.

When I first saw myself in the glass, scared, troubled eyes looked from a pale face touched with two spots of feverish color. My appearance gave me a shock — warned me painfully that my utmost efforts would be needed if I meant to bear bravely through whatever might befall before I left the house. It was with a sinking of the heart that I saw George go round the path, and heard the yard door bang behind him when I was only half-dressed.

The place may not really have been much quieter than on other days; it is generally quiet, but it seemed oppressed with a weight of stillness. The closed blinds, with the view of outside life appeared also to shut out all communication with it. I stole with awe past the room where the dead man lay, intending to betake myself to the parlor; but when only a few steps from the door, which was ajar, I became aware of the presence of the person whom I could not for the world have encountered, sitting with his back towards me, writing at the table. My tread was too light to cause him to turn round. I was saved thus from meeting his glance, or hearing his voice; but it was with a noiselessness that only my impulse to shun him could have lent me, that I went on, opened the hall door, and slipped into the garden.

The day was a cool, bright one of early September. Very sweet and fresh its air was, and every added moment I drew it in, it stimulated me. If the sunshine that caught the rustling leaves, or the bloom of the gay flowers of later summer, were utterly wasted on my notice then, without doubt they had an unperceived effect upon me.

As I wandered about, careless where my feet strayed, in the medley of my

thoughts, I saw first the doctor drive up, and after remaining some time go away again, and then a policeman, accompanied by the lad who used to draw Mr. Hazlit's chair, come to the gate. In both cases there was a delay until Keezie brought the key and unlocked it; George had left by the yard and might be unaware of this unusual proceeding. I understood that possibly *that* was unsecured, for the kitchen window overlooked it, and Keezie was there to fix a dragon's eye upon all exits.

I had determined to seat myself on the garden-chair, and wait there until George returned, when I saw Lizzie in the parlor waving her hand furtively for me to approach.

I had hardly joined her when she began quickly: "Something is the matter, Mrs. Markenfield, and I don't understand it. Isabella left me alone a few moments up-stairs, and then came back and said Keezie wished to speak to me, particularly, in the kitchen. So I went directly, and Keezie laughed in my face and said, 'Are you fool enough to think anybody wants your opinion about anything, now? It isn't you that's mistress here, Miss Waylen! I didn't answer; I thought it was strange, and I went back again. My bedroom door was locked; I knocked, and shook it, but to no purpose. I can't tell if there is any one inside or not, but I believe the message was a trick, to get me out.'"

I responded to her puzzled disquiet by a question: "Did you know that there is a policeman in the house?"

"A policeman!" she was greatly astonished. "Why, I wonder? The doctor has been! it can't have anything to do with Mr. Hazlit's death. For, though it came suddenly at last, it was expected. Septimus must be at the bottom of it."

"I don't know, Lizzie; I can't think. I wish his brother was in the house."

"So do I."

"Is there anything in your room," I hazarded, "which Mr. Hazlit might wish to get? Anything that he would be likely to use peculiar measures to obtain?"

Lizzie half hesitated.

"He will find nothing there. He may ransack every place in my room, and he will meet nothing to reward his pains. It is his motive that is inexplicable to me."

The wish I felt that George would return, grew stronger as time progressed. Lizzie is more patient than I. She had more foundation for uneasiness, and yet she could sit down, clasp her hands in her

lap, and subside into outwardly tranquil waiting. I traversed the floor hurriedly, repeatedly went to the window, or listened at the door, making broken conjectures at short intervals. Once, as I listened I distinguished the voices of Septimus and the policeman in conversation; and they did not sound from up-stairs but from the kitchen, with Keezie's shrill tones striking in a contribution of astonishment.

We had been in uncertainty nearly an hour when footsteps tramped down the passage. Then the door opened and the policeman, a stout, stolid man, with a large, whiskered face, followed Septimus into the room; after them, Keezie.

Septimus saw me and hesitated: "I didn't know you were here, Mrs. Markenfield. May I trouble you to go into another room, or the garden for a few minutes?"

I had risen. Of my own accord I should have done as he asked, so dreadful was his presence to me. Lizzie prevented me. She drew near to my chair, and detained me by holding my hand. I could measure the beatings of her heart by the convulsive contractions of her grasp.

"Don't go. I pray, I beg you to stay here!"

"Why?" returned Septimus; his ordinary suavity in speaking was changed to an abrupt savagery, his smoothness turned to a coarse ferocity. "It will do you no good. And in common shame, if you haven't long since got rid of such a thing, I should think you would prefer the absence of this lady."

"No," said Lizzie; her voice was scarcely audible, but was not devoid of a touch of resolution. "I have asked Mrs. Markenfield to be with me. I knew this must come. But I did not think the discovery would have been made by you."

"Ha! ha!" Septimus broke into a laugh, at which even the stolid constable shifted uneasily. "By whom, then? By yourself, perhaps; very probably by yourself!"

"I have written to my father, and sent the letter to the post by the gardener this morning. I expect him early to-morrow."

"Ha! ha!" Septimus laughed again. "The old receiver is to prepare to welcome his daughter at short notice; her post having become vacant. Johns, we might have spared the trouble of searching up-stairs, and Mrs. Hazlit had better be told she need look no further. We know the depository of what is missing."

"Kee-kee-kee!" cackled Keezie, glaring at Lizzie, whose face began to grow the

picture of wonder; which I perused in vain for some enlightenment. As the old woman chuckled, a small table against which Septimus leant overbalanced, and fell noisily on the oak floor, drawing from him a smothered ejaculation. Then, into the arena, as the clamor of discordant laughter, mingled with the thud of the table, resounded, another actor was suddenly introduced; a voice, as authoritative as it was haughty and astonished, exclaimed, —

"What is the meaning of all this?"

For an instant all kept silence; but I heard the echo of my own sigh of relief from Lizzie before Septimus answered, with a low sullenness that gradually rose into declamation, —

"The meaning? Why it means that we have been a pack of fools all along, and that a deceitful jade has managed to trick us. The reason of her worming herself into a dotard's confidence, her prowlings by night, her comings in and goings out which you elected to call me unmanly and cowardly for watching and trying to cut off, is explained; Miss Waylen is a clever schemer, and either with or without my father's knowledge, she has robbed us, — robbed us of more of our property than I can tell. Last night I found that the strong room — which it gave me as much trouble to enter as if I had been a thief myself — is stripped as bare almost as a miser's board. There is nothing there but dusty papers. And the thief is that harmless young woman there, with her fawning manner, and her sham tears, and her modesty that goes off or on as it suits her turn. She has shipped the spoil off to her father, by her own telling he is coming to take her away to-morrow; and the pair meant, no doubt, to divide the plunder. But not so, my girl; instead of going home you will see the inside of Bollerton prison to-night, and there will be police despatched to rummage your father's hole before he has started to fetch you."

To this speech we had all listened — all but Keezie, whose hands accompanied it with notes of triumphant admiration — in mute stupefaction. Was the accusation true? Was this the key to Lizzie's tears? And was the theft connived at by her employer, or unknown to him? If she was guilty, how clumsy the scheme; and how soon, and shamefully, it had been discovered!

But Lizzie dropped my hand. A burning red took the place of her former pallor. She stepped forward, and, for the

first time I have ever seen her do so, looked her accuser straight in the eyes.

"I deny every word you say. Send me to prison if you like; but I can prove that I am not a thief. I have not robbed you of one coin, and it might be better for you that you had never said so. I had no motive to commit such a crime."

"Pah!" Septimus gave a snarl of contemptuous disbelief.

"No motive," continued Lizzie, her voice trembling at this sound of insulting contempt; "no motive for taking stealthily what I had a rightful claim upon."

A stir went through the room; but we all waited in silence, — even Septimus. There was a prolonged pause before the girl's next words.

"Because," she almost whispered, as she drew back, and caught my hand again, "for years — for far the greater part of the time that I have lived in this house — I have been your father's wife."

From The National Review.

RADICALS AND THE UNEARNED INCREMENT.

IT is the opinion of many people whose judgment is entitled to respect, that theoretical reasoning, however sound or clear, can do little to check or regulate democratic demands and movements. For this opinion there is a good deal to be said. I will, therefore, endeavor to state it more explicitly, and with as much force and fairness as if I held it myself. It amounts, I think, to this. Whenever a democracy, or a class assuming to represent it, fixes its desires on any given change, it does so in obedience, not to any logical theory, but to the pressure of inconveniences or hardships, either new or newly realized, or else to the promptings of newly conceived ambitions. It is in the condition of a man who, for one cause or another, has come to feel a certain attitude intolerable, and is nervously uneasy, or in actual pain, till he changes it; or else it is in the condition of a man who, having looked for years with apathetic admiration at some fine neighboring property, is suddenly roused to energy by the belief, false or true, that he can, if he will only exert himself, make this property his own. In neither case has theoretical reasoning anything to do with the matter. What prompted the French peasantry to burn the chateaux of the seigneurs was not a series of syllogisms, but a miserable sys-

tem of taxation. What animates the movement of the Irish tenantry against their landlords is not any zeal on behalf of abstract justice, but a belief that it is pleasantly practicable to add to their own incomes. Theoretic reasoning will, indeed, do one thing. When once any democratic desires have been excited and developed by circumstances, it will contrive to supply them with some theoretic justification. It will cover their nakedness with a rustling robe of sophistries, and enable them to show an heroic front to the world. But if used by the opposite party to strip this robe away, it will merely reveal sores which it cannot cure, and irritate a savage without doing anything to disable him. When a man's shoe pinches him, you cannot reason him into comfort; when a jackass sees your cabages grow under his nose, you cannot by reason keep him back from eating them.

For this opinion, I repeat, there is a good deal to be said; and there is a good deal to be said for it because there is some truth in it. But it is not the whole truth. It probably contains not more than one-third of the whole truth. I will point out and discriminate what the truth it contains is. It is certainly true in some cases, and it is absolutely untrue in others. Democratic demands and movements, even though they may seem to point all of them in the same direction, are in reality of very different origin. Some of them do originate in the way that has just been indicated, in absolute inconvenience or distress; or else in the perception that certain possessions or privileges are in the hands of people who are no longer capable of defending them. Now movements that originate in absolute inconvenience or distress, I am quite prepared to admit, cannot be stopped by reasoning. I will say still more — I will say that they ought not to be stopped at all. But though they ought not to be stopped, and though reasoning cannot stop them, they require guidance; they may take either a fortunate form or a fatal; and sound reasoning is required for rightly guiding them. Again, with regard to such demands for concessions as originate in the perception that it is not possible to resist them, no abstract reasoning will induce a democracy to abandon them; and it is idle to say that the democracy ought to abandon them. No class can retain permanently any desirable position or possession on the mere sufferance of the others; and where there is present the might both to take and keep, it is

perfectly useless to disprove the right to take. But even when confronted with cases which are apparently of this kind, sound reasoning may sometimes be of incalculable influence. It may be able to show that if the concession demanded be refused, there are stronger forces to back up that refusal than are at all apparent on the surface; or that, if the concession were granted, it would have disastrous consequences. Still the fact remains that there are certain democratic movements which cannot be checked by theories, for the simple reason that they do not originate in theories.

But there are others of a kind precisely opposite. They do begin in theory, and it is theoretical belief which sustains them. Instead of a consciousness of hardship generating some social creed, some social creed generates a consciousness of hardship. A man is conscious of hardship if he is hungry, and has little to eat. It is true there is no theorizing there. This is one case. The following is quite another. If the Tichborne claimant believes in his own claim, he is conscious, and rightly conscious, of hardship in being kept out of his own; but supposing this belief to be false, and that he had never himself entertained it, there could have been no more hardship in his being a butcher and not a baronet than there is in a man being a baronet and not a king. Whatever sense of hardship there is in the claimant's mind is caused by a theory, and by nothing else but a theory, entertained by himself with regard to his own rights. And here we have a perfectly accurate type of a large amount, and a growing proportion, of our modern democratic discontent. We need not go far for an instance. The familiar Irish question will supply one. We have it on the authority of Mr. Parnell himself that one of the principal means used in promoting the agrarian revolt of the tenantry was the instilling into their minds a new economic theory, which did not necessarily involve any personal indignation against the landlord, but which placed their relations and obligations to him in an entirely new light. And there is every reason to believe that Mr. Parnell spoke the truth. It may be true also, as I represented the objectors saying, that the Irish movement, to a great extent, represents simple cupidity; but no one can doubt, who examines the question carefully, that this cupidity was set free, was inspired with courage, and was put in action, by theory; and that most, though not all, of its present force is derived from

some theory that it coincides with, and represents, justice.

And of all the most dangerous movements that embarrass the present and threaten the future the same thing may be said. Of some the origin is theoretical altogether; in the case of all, theory plays the most important part. In a certain sense men's desires are, and always have been, as limitless as their fancies. Who would practise moderation if he owned Aladdin's lamp? But these desires are, and always have been, kept in subjection by a knowledge, in some degree common to all, of what is possible, and of what is not possible. The moment, however, the limits of possibility are theoretically widened, desires hitherto stagnant rush into the new space, as the air rushes into a vacuum, generating new force, and causing a new commotion. It was in this way that America was discovered and colonized. In this way thousands were ruined by the South Sea Bubble. In this way has been established every new religion; and in this way arise the most important of those demands which characterize the democratic parties, who consider themselves to be the parties of progress. The supposed limits of possibility are widened by theory in one direction or another; and in that direction there is an attempted popular movement. That any such movement is independent of passion, nobody would contend for a moment. Theory works by passion. Its power consists in this, that it rouses passions that would else be dormant, and would sink to sleep again if theory did not keep them wakeful.

A good deal of nonsense is talked about trusting the democracy, and almost as much nonsense about distrusting it. The truth lies between the two ways of regarding it. It is utterly untrustworthy in some ways; it is, on the whole, trustworthy in others; and if we may trust it in anything, we may most emphatically trust it in this—that when not goaded by some new and exceptional suffering it will never move so much as a step forward without the guidance of something which it takes for reasoning. Reasoning of some sort—whether bad or good, false or true—is the lantern which shows the democracy some path ahead, some objects to desire, some supposed way of arriving at them. Nothing illustrates this more clearly than the history of modern Socialism. Though there is no movement whose leaders appeal more directly to passion, there is no movement whose leaders have found it more necessary to fortify their appeals

with elaborately reasoned theory. No doubt the numerical majority of any popular party—the majority which, in the end, gives a movement its working power—understands such theories in a very imperfect way; but there are certain broad propositions, certain simple formulæ, certain practical contentions, which, for all practical purposes, it understands thoroughly; and though it may not be able itself to defend their truth scientifically, its belief in them derives its force and confidence from the belief that they are capable of being scientifically defended. Such popular support as Mr. George gained for his doctrine regarding land was entirely gained in this way. That doctrine was, no doubt, a doctrine which it suited his adherents to believe; but they never would have believed it if it had been only baldly asserted. They believed it because they believed scientific reasoning to be at the back of it. Had this not been the case, it would have had no influence whatsoever. So far as suiting goes it might suit all or any of us to believe in the philosopher's stone; but there is no section of the existing community who would subscribe to support a quack whilst he turned their fire-irons into gold.

Passion in popular movements generally comes from below; but what loosens the passion and what guides the passion invariably comes from above. It comes from that intellectual stratum of society where thought is active, and where, though falsehood flourish, public opinion, with irresistible force, enjoins the search for truth, and makes reason the test of it. Thus the character and the fate of most democratic movements depends on the state of things prevailing in this stratum. In what condition is knowledge, about any given question? How many facts or how many theories relating to it are scientifically established and universally held? And how many are doubtful, or not held universally, and what room is there consequently for superstition and falsehood? In proportion as there is room for superstition and falsehood, in proportion as it is possible for facts which are not facts, and for theories which are not science, to be put before the democracy with a show of authority to vouch for them, in that proportion the democracy is a source of danger, of danger alike to other classes and to itself. In proportion as complete and accurate knowledge takes the place of distorted guesses and imagination, in proportion as every false theory is dissected, exposed, and ridiculed, and made forever

unfit to show itself in the light of reason, in that proportion the dangers to be apprehended from the democracy are lessened, and the advantages to be expected from it are increased.

Thus I will venture to say, though I know there are many who disagree with me, that economic discussion, even though it may be of a complicated kind, and such as no democracy as a body may be ever able to follow, is not lost labor from a political point of view, even when the democracy seems to be supreme in politics. It affects the democracy not directly but indirectly. Every false theory, any false or garbled set of statistics, which is left unchecked to develop itself, must be regarded as the possible germ of some malignant political fever; and to refute it, to stamp it out, before it has had time to do mischief, is a work quite as important as any party exertions or any party victories. The latter may arrest evil after it has developed itself; the former may prevent its ever being developed at all. A battle fought out in time between half-a-dozen experts may save coming generations from distractions which would bring trouble to millions.

I have already urged on readers of this review the extreme importance to conservatism of popular statistical teaching. I wish to urge on them now the equal importance to it of promulgating, by means, not of rhetoric or invective, but of calm and impartial reasoning, a system of sound economic teaching. To do this will be to do something more than to preach the doctrines found in the hand-books of Mill and Fawcett. In the first place the arguments of these writers are almost useless against the Socialists; partly because, as Mill expressly tells us, his school regarded Socialism as, at present, too unpractical a scheme to be argued with; and partly because the most plausible arguments of Socialism have been formulated only within the last twenty years. In the second place, the theories of these so-called orthodox economists are not only incomplete, but in certain most important points they are absolutely unsound. One of these points I now propose to discuss; and I hope not only to enable the reader clearly to realize the truth, but also to make him feel how dangerous is the corresponding falsehood.

If the importance of the various parts of any writer's works is to be judged by the extent to which they are severally quoted, and to which their thought or their phraseology forces itself into the life of

the community, the most important contribution of Mill to economic science, indeed, one might almost say the most important work of his life, was his invention of the doctrine of the celebrated "unearned increment." There is hardly a chairman of a Radical village meeting who does not know thus much of what passes for orthodox political economy; there are few Radical Parliamentary candidates who know more. The science as a whole they regard as a "toad, ugly and venomous," and this doctrine as "the precious jewel in its forehead;" and this doctrine they have taken from it before they sent it to Saturn. This is the doctrine I am going to ask the reader to consider. And there is at this moment not only a general reason for considering it, but a very particular and a very pressing reason. It has long done duty on Radical platforms as a basis for vague denunciations against a particular class, and for vague hints that some day or other some vast but indefinite amount of wealth may be squeezed out of it for the popular benefit. Large Radical shopkeepers, and Radical financiers, such as Mr. Labouchere, have long found in it a singularly convenient means of diverting the popular hopes, which they live by exciting, from their own fortunes to the fortunes of other people. But till lately their language has been more or less vague; it has never resulted in any definite legislative proposals. Now, however, there are signs that the Radical party, in their diligent search for some new popular cry, are seriously endeavoring to construct one by means of this economic doctrine. The first step was taken by Mr. John Morley some three months since, at Clerkenwell, where he formally included in the Radical programme a special attack upon ground rents, as a thing of the immediate future, and hinted at a further attack at a period more distant.

With the details of Mr. Morley's proposals we need not now concern ourselves. The only point I am anxious to dwell upon is the theoretical grounds upon which they were put forward and justified. Naturally, in a political speech, Mr. Morley could do no more than allude to these; but the allusion shows us quite clearly what they are. He referred his hearers to a recent pamphlet on the leasehold system, in which this system is condemned primarily on the following grounds: "That it enables the landlord, without any trouble, industry, or expenditure, to step into the increment at the termination of the lease, that increment being due to the

attention, efforts, and outlay of the people of the district." I call attention to this language of Mr. Morley's in order to show that the arguments at this moment relied upon by the Radical party are derived from, and are identical with, the arguments of Mill. Those arguments, which are what I propose to criticise, are stated by Mill as follows:—

Before leaving the subject of equality of taxation, I must [he says] remark that there are cases in which exceptions may be made to it consistently with that equal justice which is the ground-work of the rule. Suppose that there is a kind of income which constantly tends to increase without any exertion or sacrifice on the part of the owners; those owners constituting a class in the community whom the natural course of things progressively enriches, consistently with complete passiveness on their own part. In such a case it would be no violation of the principles on which private property is founded if the state should appropriate this increase of wealth, or part of it, as it arises. This would not properly be taking anything from anybody; it would be merely opening an accession of wealth created by circumstances to the benefit of society instead of allowing it to become an unearned appendage to the riches of a particular class.

Now this [Mill proceeds] is actually the case with rent. The ordinary progress of a society which increases in wealth is at all times tending to augment the incomes of landlords; to give then both a greater amount and a greater proportion of the wealth of the community, independently of any trouble or outlay incurred by themselves. They grow richer, as it were, in their sleep, without working, risking, or economizing. What claim have they, on the general principle of social justice, to this accession of riches? In what would they have been wronged if society had, from the beginning, reserved the right of taxing the spontaneous increase of rent to the highest amount required by financial exigencies?

Now these arguments, as a moment's reflection will show anybody, can be reduced to the following propositions:—

I. Every increase in income, which takes place independently of the recipient's efforts, may with equity be appropriated by the State, should circumstances require it.

II. Incomes from land are the only kind of incomes which increase independently of the recipient's efforts.

III. Circumstances are likely to require the appropriation of their increase, because they increase at a rate exceptional and peculiar to themselves. They are ever becoming not only greater absolutely, but greater relatively to wealth of all other kinds. They do not take their luck

with other kinds of income. They are constantly tending to outstrip them; their ultimate tendency would be to swallow them all up.

If these propositions are true, the conclusions Mill draws from them deserve our respectful consideration. If they are not true, his conclusions deserve no consideration at all; they are simply the mischievous hallucinations of a highly gifted man; and it is really to the interest of every party, it is obviously the duty of the Conservative party, to exhibit them to the world in their right character. Are the propositions true? Are all of them true? Or are any of them true? This is what I propose to consider.

One thing is at once apparent, that the first of them stands on a different footing from the two others. The first deals with a matter of opinion, about which it is conceivable that persons equally well instructed may differ. The two others deal with mere matter of fact, about which, were once sufficient instruction given, there would be no more room for any differences of opinion than there is about the mileage of the Great Western Railway. Again, the first proposition merely states a general principle, which has, in itself, no special reference to land. The reference to land is confined to the two others. It is therefore on these that we will concentrate our whole attention, and we will ask, with regard to each of them in turn, if, as a statement of facts, or in other words as a piece of news, there is any or what truth in it.

I am going to point out that there is absolutely no truth in either, that the first of them has no definite relation to fact whatever; and that the second has a very definite relation indeed, because it is the direct inversion of fact.

Let us begin then with the proposition that incomes from land are the only kind of incomes which increase independently of their recipient's efforts. To begin then, we must remember that we are not arguing with Socialists, or with people who think that property generally is an illegitimate thing. Mill did not think this; Mr. Morley does not think this. Mr. Morley, in the very speech from which I have already quoted, held up investments in stocks and shares as a type of what was legitimate and desirable. As for Mill, it is quite true that he wished to limit the amount of property which a man might leave to any one person; but he expressly states that the amount he has in view is an amount that would place the

possessor "in easy circumstances, with the advantages of leisure, and all the real enjoyments which wealth can give, except those of vanity." Even this limitation is advocated by him as a pious opinion rather than an integral part of his economic system; and apart from this, except in one single particular, he differed in his views as to property from any ordinary Conservative only in being able to use more arguments in defence of them. No one was a sterner defender of the legitimacy of interest, and, within limits, of rent; and no one ever, in a more trenchant or more decided way, combated all proposals for a progressive tax upon incomes. Thus, though he thought it, for many reasons, a bad thing that young men should start in life with unearned incomes of extravagant dimensions, he never questioned either the rightfulness or the utility of unearned incomes as such. Socialists question them, but Mill did not; and English Radicals, as distinct from Socialists, do not.

But how do these unearned incomes, all incomes in fact that are not wages, that are neither wages of labor nor wages of superintendence, arise? They arise either from the rent of land or from the interest of invested capital. Now, if we put aside the question of capital invested in the funds, all invested capital is invested in some business. Thus every one, not a landowner, who has an independent income, has it because he has shares in some business or businesses—in a railway, for instance, or in a brewery, or in a line of steamships, or in a factory for the production of some new invention. Let us then take two men, the one Smith, a landowner, who shall represent all incomes from land, the other, Moses, an owner of shares in certain business enterprises, who shall represent all incomes from all other sources. They both start in the world, at twenty years of age, with similar incomes, a thousand a year each; Smith's being derived from five hundred acres fairly rented, that of Moses from twenty thousand pounds worth of shares, half of them in a Mexican railway, half of them in a factory of new patent bicycles at Coventry. Thus far, in the eyes of Mill, and in the eyes of every Radical, the position of both could be perfectly unassailable. Each would have an undisputed right to his income, and it would be a monstrous injustice on the part of the State to take anything from either beyond the ordinary taxes.

Now, however, let us suppose that close

to Smith's property is a small watering-place which suddenly becomes fashionable, or that there is a chalybeate spring in it, which some highly influential invalids suddenly take to preferring to the springs at Hombourg. From one cause or the other the property acquires a value for building purposes. An hotel is built, a villa, a church, a street; and before Smith has been ten years in possession the ground that was originally worth two pounds an acre comes to be worth thirty. Here steps in Mill, and his Radical followers after him. They call indignant attention to the fact that while Smith has been perfectly idle his income has grown from one thousand a year to fifteen thousand; and they tell him that though he has a perfect right to his thousand, to the added fourteen thousand he has no moral right whatever. These, they say, belong properly to the State, to the State as the representative of the community, because it has been produced by the growth of the community in general, and has not been produced in any way by Smith, the landlord, who has done nothing beyond signing leases, except smoke and drink sherry and bitters. Justice therefore demands that incomes derived from land, because they are liable to this exceptional kind of increase, shall be subjected to legislation altogether peculiar to themselves.

But is what is assumed here true? Are incomes from land liable to any kind of increase from the chance of which other incomes are precluded? Let us turn from Smith to Moses, and see if this is so. Eight or nine years ago, when Moses came into his property, bicycles were only just beginning to be popular, and trade in Mexico was in a state of great depression. Since that time, the use of bicycles among certain classes has become universal; and the prosperity of Mexico has, we will say, increased by leaps and bounds. The consequence is, that the financial history of Moses runs as follows. He started with a thousand ten pound shares in the bicycle factory, which at the time yielded five per cent. They now yield thirty per cent., and are worth seventy pounds cash, instead of ten. With regard to his Mexican railway shares, a similar thing has happened. He started with two hundred of these, each of which annually yielded him £2 10s. They were nominally shares of a hundred pounds, but when he came into them they were worth only fifty. As time goes on, however, the traffic on the railway augments; larger and larger dividends are declared. The shares are presently at

par; by-and-by they are at one hundred and fifty. The income of Moses from his railway shares has trebled. Perhaps some will say that these suppositions are arbitrary. But are they so? They are no more arbitrary than the supposition with regard to Smith, the landlord. That admittedly represents a notorious fact. Can any one say that our suppositions with regard to Moses do not represent facts equally notorious? It is evident that they do. No one can for a moment doubt it.

And now we come to the important question. How does the increment in the income of Moses differ morally from the increment in the income of Smith? Except accidentally, it does not differ at all. Accidentally, of course, dividends differ from ground rents; accidentally, one set of ground rents differs from another set; and so far as the argument with which we are at present dealing is concerned, bicycle factories and Mexican railway shares differ from villa sites no more than villa sites at Westgate differ from villa sites at Worthing. The growth of the incomes derived from both is equally independent of any exertion on the part of the recipients of the incomes. According to Mill, as we have seen, Smith "grows rich, as it were, in his sleep, without working, risking, or economizing." His accession of riches has been "spontaneous," due to "the natural course of things," that is to say, to the energy and the industry of the active part of the community, who are really the authors of all progress. This may be true enough; but if it is true of Smith, it is equally true of Moses. He has nothing to do with the management of the bicycle factory; he has nothing to do with the management of the Mexican railway. Whatever personal qualities have gone to make either of these enterprises succeed, they have been personal qualities that have had nothing to do with Smith. But a point still more important is this, that the chief part of the increment in question has not been due to the personal qualities of any one connected with these enterprises at all. It has been due, as the increment in rent has been due, to the general progress of the community. Here, however, let me guard against a misunderstanding. I do not say that to make any business succeed personal qualities of a special kind are not necessary. They are. To start a new line of railway, to start the manufacture of a new vehicle such as a bicycle, so as to make the undertaking yield the expected rate of profits, we require personal qualities of, it may be, a

very rare order. But we are not talking of the production of a given income by the exertion of given qualities. We are talking of something quite distinct. We are talking of the subsequent growth of that income, the personal qualities in question remaining unchanged. Thus, the sale of a patent bicycle depends partly, of course, on the merits of the patent; but it depends also on the social conditions of the community, and on the number of people whose means and habits enable them to purchase an admittedly desirable thing. Up to a certain point the sale of bicycles will depend on the improvement of their construction. Beyond this point it will depend on the growth of the lower-middle class. The same is the case even more plainly with railways. Beyond a certain point the profits of a railway do not depend on the speed of the trains, or on the excellence of the carriages, but on the condition of the localities which the railway connects, and the general prosperity of the country in which it lies.

Ground becomes valuable because, as wealth increases, there are more people who want to build houses. A bicycle business becomes valuable for precisely the same reason, because there are more people who want to buy bicycles; a railway becomes valuable because there are more people who want to travel by it. The fact is, in any changing society, it is the characteristic of every kind of property, not of land alone, or of land specially, to be liable to changes in value, entirely independent of any change in itself. Every kind of independent income, as the general wealth increases, I do not say will increase spontaneously, but is liable to increase spontaneously; and every kind of increase, increase from land included, is in the same way liable to decrease.* The property from which the increase is derived, whether land or shares, *ex hypothesi*, remains the same, so far as the owner is concerned. He spends nothing on the land; he has no control over the shares. So far as he is concerned, the only thing that can change is the relations between the property and surrounding circumstances; and if these circumstances change, as in every progressive society they do, these relations, for better or worse, may at any moment

* This is as true of the value of building-land as it is of anything else. Land at Cannes for instance, which had been continually rising for a long period, up till a few years ago, during the last few years has been declining, and it is quite possible that in another hundred years it may become similar to what it was when Lord Brougham made his first purchase.

change also. Liability, then, spontaneously to increase in value, or decrease in value, is one of the attributes inherent in property of every kind. All property is liable to an unearned increment, just as all property, as Mill omitted to remark, is equally liable to an undeserved decrement. And landed incomes, because they grow in this way, no more differ from incomes of other kinds than a sucking duke because he grows differs from a sucking stock-jobber.

If this is not abundantly clear already, there are other facts which will illustrate it, of a yet simpler kind. Let us turn to the case of old books, of works of art, or of pictures. The value of these is constantly changing as we all know. It rises during one decade, it falls during another; and could one construct a barometer, which, attached to any one of such objects, would register the price it would command in the open market, the mercury would be always rising or falling from one year to another. And all this while the owner would be as passive as any landlord. Lying in his chair by the fire and looking round him at the masterpieces on his walls, he might virtually see silver in one place being transmuted into gold, gold in one place being alloyed with silver, by some mysterious agency abroad in the world without, wholly independent of himself, and which he can neither calculate or control.

But there is more still to add. If we really accept seriously the distinction drawn by Mill, and now being brought into prominence by the Radical party, between the parts of incomes that are inherited or earned, and those that are neither inherited nor earned, but grow while the recipient is passive, we shall have to pass on from incomes derived from property, to incomes which are the wages of skill and labor. These are liable to exhibit precisely the same phenomenon of an unearned increment. Of incomes the whole of which, from one point of view, is earned, we are constantly able to discriminate a part which, from another point of view, is not earned. I have already alluded to pictures, and how they increase in value. Let us now consider the skill and labor of the painter. Whatever a painter makes by painting, from one point of view, it is obvious that he earns. So much skilled labor exchanges for so much money. Now let us suppose that a portrait-painter, when his skill has come to maturity, discovers, by what Adam Smith calls the higgling of the market, that the

value of one of his portraits is two hundred pounds; and this state of things continues for ten years, during each of which his time has been fully occupied. He has painted, we will say, one portrait a month, and his annual income has been two thousand four hundred pounds. Now every one would admit, indeed no one could deny, that the painter earned by his skill just what his skill was worth. The world has known what he could produce, and the judgment of the world, which in these cases is the ultimate court of appeal, has settled the value of the product. This applies, I say, to the first ten years during which the world has known him. At the end of this period, however, certain changes begin to develop themselves. A new art critic has arisen, who has educated the public taste; a considerable number of immense fortunes have been made, the possessors of which have all of them artistic tastes, and all of them want to have their portraits painted. The consequence is that the painter, instead of having as formerly twelve commissions a year, has now sixty. He cannot execute all. He cannot execute more than twelve. The consequence is, he has to raise his price; and instead of receiving two hundred pounds for a portrait, he finds that he literally has a thousand thrust upon him. Thus his income rises from £2,400 a year to £12,000. There is an increment of £9,600. Now what has been the cause of this increment? Has the painter been the cause of it? How can that be? He does nothing more than he used to do. He is able to do nothing more than he used to do. He works no harder, and no longer. He has no more skill. And yet there is an increment in his income of £9,600. A similar phenomenon, and one equally familiar, shows itself in the case of doctors. A doctor at some Spa has a certain recognized skill in dealing with a certain class of complaints. His fee is a guinea, and his time is fully occupied. As years go on, however, an increasing number of rich people over-eat themselves, and come to the waters over which this doctor presides. Perhaps a king is amongst them, whom he happens to cure of a stomach-ache. He is at once beset by patients from every quarter of Europe; and his fee consequently doubles itself. This increment is no more due to the doctor than a similar increment in the painter's case is due to the painter. To quote Mill's words, they have neither of them "worked" any harder, they have neither of them "risked," they have neither of

them "economized." The increment in their incomes has come to them "as it were in their sleep." It has come to them in the natural course of things—that is to say, in the doctor's case, from an increasing number of rich men gorging, in the painter's case from an increasing number of rich men affecting a taste for art, in both from people in general being geese enough to follow the fashion. Examples of the same kind might be multiplied; but these two are sufficient to show any reader the truth of the fact in question.

And now let us sum up the general truth, as we have seen it thus far. The general truth is this: Everything that is in the nature of a monopoly, whether it be land, or capital, or skill, is liable in a progressing community to yield an increasing income, wholly independent either of the action, or the inaction, of those who receive the increase. Land is not the only monopoly; supreme talent or skill in business is a monopoly far closer. Every new enterprise is a monopoly equally close, until its success has been great enough to attract competitors; and in many cases the success which begins by attracting them, ends by extinguishing them, and some particular firm or company is securely established as the sole producers of some particular article. Again, to return to the question of skill and talent, these are not monopolies in their supreme forms only. The greatest painters of our age have, of course, the natural monopoly for producing the greatest pictures; but every locality has also its own monopolies of the same kind in miniature. They are the only, or they are the best people available, in a given place, and for a given time. Their monopoly, to be real, need not be permanent or universal. We are always told that land is limited in quantity. So at any given place, and for any given time, may be the possessors of a given amount of skill, or the producers of any given commodity. And of land itself it is impossible to say more. It can only be said, at present, to be limited in certain places. It is not at present limited if we take the world as a whole; and if any one says that Dublin stout is not a monopoly, because any number of rival companies in turn may produce the same article, we answer that in time there may be any number of acres, each of them as valuable as an acre in Covent Garden.

The idea then that land is peculiar in yielding an unearned increment is entirely fanciful, and entirely contrary to fact. It is an idea so irrational that, in dismissing

it to the limbo of discarded superstitions, it would be difficult to find any so abject that they would not be dishonored by its company.

And yet, after all, there is perhaps something to be said for it, which will make us modify this judgment. Though land is not the only thing that yields an unearned increment, perhaps it is the chief thing. Perhaps the increment it yields is larger and more continuous than that yielded by anything else; and therefore practically, though not theoretically, Mill and his followers are right. If there is any truth in an assertion to which Mill has committed himself, they are right. We have seen what that assertion is. We will now consider it. "The ordinary progress of a society which increases," says Mill, "is at all times tending to give the landlords not only a greater amount of wealth, but a greater proportion of the wealth of the community." This is the same as saying that the ordinary progress of a school which increases, will not only involve an increasing number of masters, but an increasing number of masters for a fixed number of boys; so that if, when there are a hundred boys, the boys are ten times as numerous as the masters, when there are a thousand the masters will be ten times as numerous as the boys. Now, in what way shall we deal with this assertion? Shall we argue about it? We will argue about it presently; but there is no need of argument to prove that it is absolutely false. We can prove that it is false in precisely the same way as we should be able to prove that there are not ten thousand masters at Eton—by a simple appeal to obvious and accessible facts. We happen to know, in this country at all events, for a very considerable period, in fact for the period during which the progress of society has been greatest, precisely how much the wealth of society has increased, and precisely how much the wealth of the landlords has increased. In the year 1814, of the aggregate social income that was assessed to income-tax, the income from land was 56 per cent. Thirty-five years later, it was 37 per cent.; thirty-five years later still, it was 24 per cent. The absolute amount has been increasing, but its amount relative to incomes from other sources has been constantly decreasing. It has behaved in a manner precisely opposite to that in which Mill said it must behave. His theory in this respect has been as much a contradiction of facts as a physical theory would be, according to which stones fell upwards, motion was

accelerated by friction, iron melted in ice, and water froze in a blast-furnace. As to how Mill was led into this monstrous error, I will say something presently. It is sufficient at this moment to point out how monstrous an error it is.

But supposing this to be admitted, it is still possible that another point may be urged. It may be said that though the increase of the rental of the country is insignificant as compared with the increase of its aggregate income, it is not insignificant as compared with the unearned portion of that increase. It may be said, on the contrary, that of this particular portion the increase of income from invested capital is insignificant as compared with the increase of the rental. If any one is inclined to urge this, it is enough to remind him that the entire transactions of the Stock Exchange are neither more nor less than dealings in the unearned increment. I do not know what Mr. Labouchere may consider to be his views with regard to the unearned increment from land. Judging from analogy, I should think he would inveigh against the landlord's right to it with singular gusto; that he would delight in representing it to the public as an accursed thing, an embodied injustice, as a thing that no enlightened democracy should tolerate. If such should be his view, I can only say that whenever he writes a financial article, advising his readers to buy such and such stock, and to sell such and such, he is instructing them to traffic in the very thing the possession of which he affects to consider an abuse. How easy it is to imagine the paragraphs which would appear in *Truth* to some such effect as this: "On a moderate computation the Duke of Bedford has received from his Covent Garden property an annual unearned increment of £5,000 a year, for the past ten years; and in return for this his Grace has not even condescended to clear the rotten cabbage-stalks away from his own market. His brother duke, of Westminster, of whom I shall have something to say in my next number, shows a very similar record. Surely it is high time that this absurd and irrational arrangement should —" and so on, and so on. We know it all beforehand. If ever Mr. Labouchere does adopt this view of the question, and if any such paragraph does appear in his paper, let his readers turn to some other paragraphs which they are perfectly certain to find between the same covers. "All stocks with a fair chance of 'splitting' will, it may be taken for granted, enjoy an addi-

tional rise in value. The number of the advocates of this kind of operation is undoubtedly increasing. 'Berthas' are looked upon very favorably in many quarters. If you have followed my advice to buy on a fall, and sell on a rise, you will have secured some excellent profits in this stock during the past few weeks. A very favorable view is beginning to develop itself respecting North British Deferred; and the sanguine ones anticipate an advance to sixty early next year." These gems of advice are not imaginary, and the writer winds up by kindly wishing his readers "plenty of profitable operations during the year 1889." I say, then, if ever Mr. Labouchere attacks the unearned increment from land, let every one who believes him to be serious turn to paragraphs such as these. Every time he operates in North British Deferred, every time he secures excellent profits in "Berthas," he is straining every faculty to achieve the position which the ground landlord has thrust upon him. The whole tribe who grow rich by what are called financial transactions are, so far as their riches are concerned, neither more nor less than the creatures of the unearned increment, bred by it and in it, like insects in corrupting matter. I do not say that in reality they deserve this insulting comparison; but merely that they deserve it if tried by the Radical standard.

But perhaps it will be said that these speculators do two things which the landlords do not do, and thus can be held to have earned their gains, whereas the landlords have not earned theirs. It may be said that they are always risking something, and they are always exercising judgment. Mill, indeed, specially alludes to "risk,"* as though it would make an increment earned that would be unearned without it. Now, as to risk, it is enough to say that if Mill's plea really means anything, it means that a kind of gain, which rightfully belongs to the community, may be rightfully appropriated by ourselves if we play at profit and loss with our neighbors for it; for it must be recollected that in all these financial speculations, where the individual speculator runs the risk of losing, it is his neighbors and not the community who have the chance of winning. So much, then, for the plea of risk. The plea that the speculators exert their judgment, and are not passive as the landlords are, is even more infelicitous.

* "They grow richer, as it were, in their sleep, without working, *risking*, or economizing."

As compared with the landlord, it puts the speculator in a worse light, not a better. If the unearned increment ought really to go to the community, the landlord has at least this excuse for taking it, that, at present, it comes to him in the natural course of things; whereas the speculator, the more strenuously he exerts himself, the more deliberately is he going out of his way to commit an illegitimate action. The one has stolen goods irresistibly thrust upon him; the other laboriously struggles into a life of stealing.

It is plain, however, that in the mind of a man like Mill, the special association of the unearned increment with land did not arise without some explicable reason. It was the logical result of a theory of rent, which was in the main right, but which must clearly be wrong or imperfect in some particular, or else it could never lead to conclusions that so ignominiously shatter themselves by direct collusion with fact. I will try briefly to indicate where the imperfection lies. The accepted theory of rent may be briefly stated thus: Land, all over the world, varies in fertility. A given quantity of skill and labor will, on different soils, produce different incomes. Now let us fix the income on which we think a cultivator can live suitably, at any sum we like between the lowest and highest returns that the various soils will yield. To the same amount of skill and labor No. 1 soil will yield, let us say, £100 a year; soil No. 2, £75; soil No. 3, £50. Now soil No. 1 is limited in quantity, and in all old countries soon ceases to produce sufficient food for the community. Soil No. 2 is therefore always to be found in cultivation. Now supposing the cultivator takes everything yielded by the sale of the produce, he can not get more than £75. That sum, therefore, is at any rate sufficient, if not more than sufficient, to yield him a suitable livelihood. We will take, then, £75 a year as the normal reward of labor when applied to land. Now if £75 be the normal reward of such labor, such labor, when applied to soil No. 1, receives £25 more than its normal reward. To work on soil No. 1 is, therefore, a privilege worth £25 a year, and this £25 a year is rent. We have supposed thus far that the two first qualities of soil yield sufficient for the community. If the community increases, however, they will be sufficient no longer, and soil No. 3 will have to be taken into cultivation. That, however, at present would yield only £50 to the cultivator, not enough to keep him, or to induce him to

cultivate. The price of produce must therefore necessarily be raised till it becomes sufficient to turn £50 into £75. But this rise in price will affect not only the produce raised on this particular soil, but all similar produce raised on the other soils. The price of all will rise fifty per cent. Thus not only will No. 3 soil yield £75 instead of £50, but No. 2 soil will yield £112 10s. instead of £75, and No. 1 soil will yield £150 instead of £100. Thus £75 being still the normal reward of the cultivator, and the surplus being rent, soil No. 2, which formerly yielded no rent, will now yield a rent of £37 10s., and soil No. 1, which formerly yielded a rent of £25, will now yield a rent of £75. Similarly, as the community increases further, soils No. 4, 5, and 6, will have to be taken into cultivation successively — soils which at present prices would yield annually £40, £30, and £25. As each has to be cultivated, prices must rise till the £40, £30, and £25, become successively £75; and of the soils cultivated already, the poorest, which yielded no rent hitherto, will begin to yield a rent, and the rent yielded by all the others will rise still further.

Now in this theory there is one error at all events, which events since the time of Mill must have made obvious to all of us. Mill assumes that an increasing society will go on continually bringing worse and worse land under cultivation, and growing corn upon poorer and poorer soils. Every-one of us to-day knows, either to his cost or to his advantage, that when a society increases beyond a certain limit, instead of getting its corn from poor soils within its own borders, it begins to get it from richer soils outside them. Thus one of the assumptions which go to make up the accepted theory of rent, is, under existing conditions, at all events, utterly untrue. The richest soils are not always, or indeed usually, the soils that are first cultivated; the margin of cultivation is not being always forced down. On the contrary, the richest soils from which England gets her corn to-day, instead of being lands that have been under the plough for centuries, are lands that till yesterday were untrampled and uninhabited prairies. Of course, when we talk of such and such a soil being the best, we must consider other besides its chemical properties; we must consider, for instance, its accessibility. Thus, an inferior soil which is accessible may be practically better than a superior soil which is inaccessible; and Mill's assumption is, no doubt, true thus far, that the soils first cultivated are the soils that

are best under the circumstances. But the important point is that circumstances change in a way for which Mill's theory makes no allowance, and that at any moment the next soil to be cultivated, instead of being worse than the worst, as Mill's theory would require, may be better than the best of those cultivated already. Until, therefore, the whole soil of the world is occupied, it is impossible to say of any given country, no matter how rapidly its population and its wealth may be increasing, that its agricultural rents will, after a certain point, rise, or even tend to rise. On the contrary, they may fall, or they may constantly fluctuate.

The doctrine, however, of the unearned increment was no doubt formulated with reference to urban rents rather than agricultural. Now, as to agricultural rents, as we have just seen, it is quite possible, in a progressing country, that they may not only not increase, but that they may absolutely fall. With urban rents this is not the case. An English population may get its corn from America, but it must have its houses in England. The only assertion, then, that here has to be combated, is the assertion not that these rents will grow as other wealth grows, but that they will grow faster than other wealth grows; and to combat it, as I have said, we have no need to argue, we need only appeal to facts. Facts show us that the precise opposite is the case, and that other wealth grows faster than ground rents. All I propose now to consider is, why this should be so; where is the error or lacuna in Mill's theory here. The question of an urban rental is far more complicated than that of an agricultural rental; and space will not allow me to do more than indicate the two principal points with regard to it, where the orthodox theory is imperfect. In the first place, just as in the case of agricultural rents, though for a different reason, it is totally erroneous to suppose that the best land is always taken first; for best and worst are always changing; what is best to-day being second-best to-morrow, and what is worthless to-day being, the day after, best. Let us take the case of Covent Garden. Rents rise on the Covent Garden property because that property, being a highly desirable building-site, is limited in quantity. Were Salisbury Plain, Dartmoor, Exmoor, and the South Downs all equally desirable, the supply of sites would be far in excess of the demand, and the rental of Covent Garden would fall till it was hardly appreciable, or, what is more to the point, it could

never have risen. Now, though the foregoing supposition is unfortunately not true, it represents in an exaggerated form what in a modified form is true. Though at any given moment the most desirable building-sites are limited in quantity, yet as years go on they are continually extending and multiplying themselves. In England there is not as yet, nor will there be for an incalculable period, any material limit to the supply of them, as there has been for years to the supply of agricultural land.

Ground rents, again, differ from agricultural rents in being of two kinds, each of which is regulated by a law unknown in the case of the latter. Some ground rents represent unproductive expenditure, some productive; some are paid for land as a means to making a fortune, some are paid for land as a means of spending a fortune. Let us begin with the last. According to Mill's theory, as a society grows richer its rents will absorb a larger and larger proportion of its income; and what is true of a society will be equally true of any representative individual belonging to that society. Let us suppose, then, that a man with £1,000 a year pays £120 a year for his house. According to Mill, if he had £2,000 a year, a landlord would be able to get out of him more than double this sum, let us say £300. That may be; but let us go on a little farther. If a man has £4,000 a year, is it equally likely that a landlord will get £800 a year out of him? or if he has £20,000 a year, that a landlord will get £14,000 a year out of him? Everybody knows that the supposition is ridiculous. If the class of people, say, inhabiting Mayfair, were to find their rents raised beyond a certain point, and absorbing more than a certain portion of their incomes, they would migrate to a new quarter, where the rents would be lower, and which, with absolute certainty, would be constructed to meet their requirements.

But the most important peculiarity of ground rents as compared with agricultural rents is connected with those sites or districts that are rented for productive purposes, not for unproductive. The fluctuations in the value of stock of all kinds, the differences between the returns yielded by various enterprises starting with similar amounts of capital, are far greater than the differences between the profits of one farm and another. Taking the country as a whole, the character and extent of each farm is a very fair guide to the income of the man who farms it; and of any two farms on the same

property, whose character and extent are similar, we may judge that the two farmers will have similar incomes also. But when we come to sites of the same extent and character in the business quarters of a town—in the Strand, in Holborn, or in Queen Victoria Street—it is at once evident that we can jump at no such conclusion. We cannot say in the case of a tailor, or of a watchmaker, or of a printer, or finally of a brewer, a banker, or of a financier, that their nett incomes are half the rental of their business premises. If we could, assessments for income-tax under Schedule D would be as simple and easy as they are under Schedule B. But as a matter of fact, on the same premises, let at precisely the same rent, successive tenants may make entirely different incomes; one may make £5,000 a year, and another £30,000. Thus there is a factor in the case of business incomes in towns, which is practically wanting in the case of agricultural incomes. When a similar acreage in different places yields to the farmer a different gross produce, the main cause of the variation is the difference in the quality of the soils; and the excess of the larger income over the smaller naturally is the property of the man who owns the soil. But when on similar areas in the different business quarters of a town, different occupants make different incomes, though a part of the difference will be due to the difference in the quality of the sites, in all the most important cases this will be a small part only; and the larger part will be due to a difference, not in the quality of the sites, but in the capacity of the occupants. Let us suppose business capacity to be of three grades—*a*, *b*, and *c*; *a* being highest, *b* and *c* the lower. Let us take the case of a tobacconist, of capacity *c*, which shall stand for commonest capacity. He starts with a capital of £1,000, and takes a small shop in Hammersmith Broadway. He calculates that he ought to make a nett profit of £200 a year, £100 being interest on his capital, and £100 being wages of superintendence. His rent, we will say, is £120 a year. His gross profits accordingly must be £320. Let us suppose, however, that if he had a similar shop in Bond Street, he would, without expending any more personal effort, secure a sale for his goods three times as rapid, and take over his counter receipts three times as great. His gross profits in this case will be £960. That is to say, the mere difference in the site of his place of

business will have increased the gross profits of his business by £640. Were he the owner of the site, the whole of this increase would be his. Since he is presumably not the owner of it, nearly the whole of it goes to the person who is the owner. The whole, probably, will not go; for if it did the tobacconist would have no motive in moving. At any rate, whilst his gross profits are trebled, his rent, we may say, is quintupled. It will be something like £700. Everything, in fact, happens that, according to Mill's theory, ought to happen. The rent represents an increasing proportion of the product. Let us suppose, however, that there is another tobacconist in Hammersmith Broadway who starts in similar circumstances, but whose business capacity is of quality *a* or *b*. Let us suppose that he has some specially delicate taste, which enables him to secure leaf of the finest quality only, and to put upon the market a new kind of cigarette. A man of this class, if he were to remove, as the other did, to Bond Street, instead of trebling his gross profits, might easily increase them tenfold. They might rise from £320 to £3,200. But his rent will by no means expand proportionally, as it did in the case of the other. He will probably, like the other, pay £700 instead of £120; but his gross profits being £3,200 instead of £320, his nett profits will be £2,500, instead of £200. Thus, whilst his rent in Hammersmith Broadway was never less than half his nett profits, it is in Bond Street little more than a quarter. The figures I have given are of course arbitrary; but they represent fairly what is a patent and indisputable fact; and here Mill's theory is utterly and completely at fault. The reason is that his theory completely overlooks one of the main facts of the case. It overlooks the fact that whereas in the case of agriculture soil is the main variant, in the case of business ability is the main variant; and the larger part of the increase of the business income of the nation is the rent of ability, not the rent of business sites. The rent of business sites represents the excess of the profits that would be realized by a given amount of ability on the more advantageous sites over those that would be realized on the least advantageous; but the ability here in question is ability of the commonest kind, a kind corresponding to the soil that, in agriculture, pays no rent. Our supposed Bond Street landlord may mulct the first of our tobacconists of the whole, or

nearly the whole, of the extra profits resulting to him from being in Bond Street, because any other tobacconist, or any other tradesman, might be counted on to use that site to equal advantage; but he cannot mulct the second of our tobacconists to the same extent, because the extra profits in this case are due to exceptional ability; and if the landlord were to reject this tenant for refusing to yield them up, he could not count on another tenant who would have them to yield.

And this leads us to another consideration. We have seen thus far that by the occupancy of building sites, in a progressing community, two rents are yielded, both of which are increasing—the ground rent, and the rent of ability; and that, from the very nature of the case, it is impossible for the former to swallow up the latter in the way required by the current economic theory. It is possible, however, that in certain cases the ground landlord may be able to appropriate more than his due share. He may be able to exact from a man, or from a firm, more than the true rent of the site, and to extort a part of what is the rent of the tenant's ability. This may happen. I do not say that it does not happen; but what I do say is this, that if it does happen, and if Radicals fix upon it as a grievance, it is a grievance totally distinct from the general increment of rent, and lends no color whatever to the fantastic assertion that rent is becoming a larger proportion of the gross national wealth, or that the increment of rent differs in any essential way from the increment in value to which every kind of investment, and almost every kind of possession, in a progressing community, is liable.

Whether it is a tenable proposition, or whether it is an absurd proposition, that unearned increments of every kind should be taxed to their full amount, and thus appropriated by the community, I have no space to discuss here. It is enough to say that it is a proposition which, when once its extent is apprehended, neither Mr. Morley nor Mr. Labouchere, nor any of our trading and financial Radicals, will entertain for a single moment. It is almost easier to conceive of this world as a paradise, of the English winter as tolerable, of an Irish agitator as accurate, or of the worship of humanity as rational, than to conceive of it as a place in which Mr. Labouchere should consent to hand to the tax-collector the whole of his profits every time he enjoys a successful operation in "Berthas."

W. H. MALLOCK.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MAJOR BARTELOT'S CAMP ON THE ARUHWIMI.

ON the evening of Sunday, April 8, 1888, the Europeans at Bangala Station were seated at dinner, when one of the Haoussa sentries by the river came in and reported that he had heard some people in canoes talking Swahili; but, as it was too dark to see anything, he could not tell whether there was one canoe or fifty. As no news had come from Stanley Falls for nearly a year, and the force which was to have been sent up to Tippoo Tip had been delayed by various circumstances, we conjectured that the latter had despatched the canoes to make inquiries about it. Following the chief of the station down to the beach, I saw, looming through the darkness, two huge canoes lashed together, slowly approaching the bank. The first man to step ashore was Mr. Herbert Ward, who had passed up river a year ago in the Stanley with the last detachment of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, and whom I then supposed to be either at Wadelai or on his way thence to the east coast. In answer to my hurried inquiries, I learned that no news had been received from Stanley, except the vague reports of deserters from his caravan; that Major Barttelot and his company were still at the camp on the Aruhwimi Rapids, where Stanley had left them, and where they were living principally on manioc and beans; and that Tippoo Tip, after making various excuses for the non-arrival of the promised six hundred carriers, had gone to Kassongo in November, 1887. As he had not returned by the following January, Major Barttelot had sent Mr. Jamieson to hurry his movements, and the latter was still absent when Mr. Ward left the Aruhwimi.

The Stanley had left Bangala on the morning of the eighth, and Mr. Ward started early on the following morning, in order if possible to overtake her at Equator, where she was to stop and take in wood. He had come from the Arab settlement at the mouth of the Lomami (with thirty-five Zanzibaris, in two canoes lashed together) in five and a half days; and pursuing his journey in a smaller canoe, manned by twenty Bangalas, reached Equator in less than twenty-two hours, arriving an hour or two before the departure of the Stanley. He thus performed the entire journey between the Lomami and Equator (a distance of over five hundred miles) in six and a half days. This journey could not have been made in less

time by any of the steamers then on the Upper Congo, which were forced to stop every night to cut wood; whereas Mr. Ward took no rest, but travelled day and night, with the exception of a stay of less than ten hours at Bangala, so that the tidings which had left the Aruhwimi on April 2d were known in England by the 1st of May.

The thirty-five Zanzibaris before mentioned remained for the present at Bangala — the commissaire de district promising to take them back in the A.I.A.* Owing to a trip I had to take to Equator on business connected with the station, and the preparations necessary for the run to Stanley Falls, our departure was delayed till April 24th — when the A.I.A. left Bangala with Mr. Van Kerckhoven and myself, the thirty-five Zanzibaris, and her own crew of fifteen men, on board. The poor little steamer, having a whale-boat lashed on one side of her, and a large canoe on the other, and carrying some fifty loads (sixty to sixty-five pounds each) of stores, had hard work to make headway against the current, which, as the river was at the height of its spring rise, was very strong.

Beyond two or three brushes with warlike natives, nothing worth mentioning occurred during the next few days; and on May 6th, we reached the mouth of the Aruhwimi, and turned up that stream, in order to reach Yambuya, where Major Barttelot was encamped. The scenery of the Aruhwimi is finer than that of any of the tributaries of the Congo I have seen. As we steamed up it, the banks gradually increased in height, and the red and yellow sandstone, and patches of white quartz sand showing here and there between the foliage which covered the steep bluffs, gave a variety to the prospect which is wanting to the country between this and Bangala. This river has a very tortuous course, and in several places makes huge bends, with high bluffs on the outer or concave bank, and a lower forest-covered bank on the other side. The numerous islands constitute another beautiful feature. I noticed large clearings, with young banana-plants growing plentifully all about, which led me to conclude that villages had once stood there. A little higher up, we came to the site of a village recently destroyed by fire, and learnt that marauding parties of Manyemas, sent out by the Arabs, had been down the river.

Next day, approaching the bend of the

river, where we expected to find the town of Yambumba — described by Stanley as truly metropolitan — I noticed that the bluff where he saw it in 1883 was completely bare of huts, only a few banana-plants remaining. The Arabs had burned the whole place, and the natives had removed to the low bank opposite, where they were dragging out a wretched existence, having for houses only a sort of palm-leaf awning, supported on four sticks; while a detachment of Manyemas, left by the Arabs to keep them in subjection, kept them also in fear of their lives. After leaving this place, we found that the river had a straighter course, though fairly choked with sandbanks, which gave us much trouble. It was not long before we passed the last island, and arrived, about 5 P.M., at a settlement of Manyemas, with two or three Arabs living among them.

These Arabs are called by the natives *Tamba-Tamba* — a word whose meaning I have been unable to ascertain; while a white man is called *Tooc-a-Tooc-a*, in imitation of the noise made by the waste steam escaping up the funnels of the steam-launches.

As Tippoo Tip had been made governor of Stanley Falls, we stopped about half an hour with these Arabs, and heard from them that Major Barttelot and his companions were all right, and that we should reach the camp at noon the next day. Steaming on for about an hour, we then made our camp — as fuel was running short — opposite a bank formed by the base of a line of hills which sloped down nearly to the water's edge, covered with magnificent trees. It was not the height or foliage of these trees which struck me, so much as their beautifully straight and even trunks — nearly every one running up without a branch to a height of forty or fifty feet, with a diameter of from three to four. The taper was so slight, that the diameter just below the branches was nearly the same as that near the ground; and their smoothness and regularity reminded one of the stately temple columns of Luxor or Karnak.

Next morning (8th May), at about 9 A.M., coming in sight of what looked like a brown patch among the bush, on the top of a height four or five miles away, we were informed by some of the Zanzibaris that it was Major Barttelot's camp; and a few minutes later, the sight of the rapids beyond it convinced us that we had reached our goal. As we approached, the brown patch resolved itself into a strong palisade on the top of a nearly perpendic-

* Association Internationale Africaine, steam-launch.

ular bluff some fifty feet high. A few natives, hugging the bank in little dug-outs, were the only living beings visible, and I could see no means of scaling the cliff, unless we went up monkey-fashion. We were now within three hundred yards, and could make out a hut or two behind the palisade; so I seized the handle of the steam-whistle, and gave a long blast, which had the effect of bringing out a crowd of dark figures through some invisible opening, and presently two Europeans were discerned coming down a zigzag path to the water's edge. These proved to be Major Barttelot and Mr. Bonny, both of whom appeared in very good health, considering the food they had been living on for the last few months. Not seeing Mr. Troup, I concluded that he was still at Stanley Falls, whither Mr. Ward had told me he was gone. Lieutenant Van Kerckhoven, having landed, walked up to the camp with the major, while I remained behind to see that everything was right. When, some half-hour later, I had climbed the hill, and found my way into the camp, I saw the major just inside the door of one of the huts; and, going in, found Mr. Troup lying on a camp-bed, looking as if he had not a week to live. In walking from Yangambi, on his return from Stanley Falls, he had somehow strained his leg, and a large tumor had formed, which had not only lamed him, but affected his health to a serious extent.

As Stanley's expedition has attracted a great deal of attention in Europe, I will, before proceeding with this account, describe the place where five British heroes had, for nearly a year, defied all the dangers of African life. The fort, or stronghold, containing all the stores, as well as the huts of the Europeans, was an enclosure some sixty paces (say twenty-five to thirty yards) square, enclosed by a strong palisade of sticks, from two to three inches in diameter, and twelve to fifteen feet in length. These were planted as close together as possible, just leaving room to insert the muzzle of a gun between them. On the side facing the river, the palisade was planted on the very edge of an almost vertical descent of fifty feet. This side, being perfectly unassailable by natives or Arabs, needed no further defence; but, on the other three sides, a stage was erected about six feet from the ground, so that two rows of men could bring their guns into use at the same time, the sticks being high enough to afford cover for the upper row. Against natives, who fight with spears and arrows, this stage would have

been very useful; but in an engagement with the Arabs, who have rifles and double-barrelled shot-guns (they load the latter with heavy iron slugs, some of them half an inch in diameter), the men on it would have been too much exposed. To provide against this emergency, an embankment, about five feet high, had been thrown up against the outside of the palisade — composed of the clay taken from a trench which surrounded the whole, and had been filled with water, though this was drained off when I saw it. There is no regular rainy season in this part of Africa; but at this time heavy showers fell at uncertain intervals — usually every few days — which not only soon filled the trench, but would have enabled the garrison to obtain water in plenty, had they been cut off from the river. On the land side of the enclosure — which was also that nearest to the Arab camp, were two semicircular redoubts, from which the defenders could have opened a flank fire at any party attempting to approach the trench. Inside the enclosure were five huts of sticks, grass, and planks — the latter obtained by splitting up old canoes. Three of these, which served as the habitations of three of the Europeans, were half filled up with stores; the fourth was used as a mess-room, and also contained the donkeys' saddles, and various miscellanea, such as spades, hoes, etc. These four were much of a size; the fifth, not being required to hold stores, was only about half as large, and was occupied by Mr. Troup. Besides these there was a galley, and four small huts (each about five feet square) for the table-boys.

The two entrances to this enclosure were about three feet wide, and defended by a door formed of planks made from the thick bottoms of large canoes. These doors were hinged at the top, and during the day, kept open by having their lower ends supported on stout poles; their weight was such as to require four or five men to raise them. They were closed every night, and two men set to guard them. The trench was crossed by means of some light planks, which could have been pulled up in less than half a minute.

The south side of the enclosure was defended only by a palisade, — being covered by the men's camp, a second enclosure, longer than the first, round which the palisade and trench were continued. This outer enclosure contained the numerous small grass huts occupied by the men; and its southern end was just in a line with the foot of the lowest rapid in

the river. Among the huts I noticed four with conical roofs, which were all that remained of the village burnt by the Arabs. These conical structures are only five or six feet in diameter, and are built in the following manner: a circle of sticks, two feet high, is first planted in the ground, and this is filled in with clay, which is beaten down hard. On this foundation a very sharp cone of light sticks is erected, and the leaves that form the covering tied to it. These leaves are very large and heart-shaped, and seem, from the quantities used in building, to be plentiful about here, though I have never seen the tree they grow on. The door of these huts is just large enough for a man to crawl through.

Round the whole place the bush had been cleared away, so as to leave no cover for any enemies approaching from the land side. On the north, the clearing had been extended for some distance up the river, and formed a sort of esplanade, where Major Barttelot and his companions took their constitutions. At the far end of this clearing began the road down which Stanley had led his men a year before; and just at this spot was the cemetery, where the graves of nearly eighty of Major Barttelot's men (who had succumbed to the hardships of the past year) made one pause, and reflect on the uncertainty of human life. Such was the place in which the major and his company had lived for nearly a year. On his first arrival, Stanley had, as he wrote to the newspapers, captured the place by means of steam-whistles;* after which, having awaited the return of the steamer which he had sent to Stanley Falls with Tippoo Tip, and made all arrangements in his power to facilitate the advance of Major Barttelot on the arrival of the promised carriers, he left Yambuya, June 28, 1887, hoping to return some time in November of the same year. Tippoo Tip had, as before mentioned, promised to send for six hundred men from Kassongo, a place near Nyangwé. Should these men arrive before Stanley's return, Major Barttelot had ample instructions as to the route he was to take in following on his track. Every possible contingency was provided against; and had it not been for the dilatoriness — *in my opinion the treachery* — of Tippoo Tip, and the other Arab chiefs, Stanley would long ere this have achieved his object. After his departure, the Eu-

ropeans left behind were, for a time, subjected to great privations, as the natives had not yet returned to their homes, and food was difficult to obtain. Beans, which they had brought up the river with them, and manioc from the fields round the camp, were all that could be had for some time. Gradually, however, the people ventured back, and, gaining confidence, were beginning to bring meat and fish to sell to the strangers, when suddenly Salim bin Mahomed, one of Tippoo Tip's headmen, appeared on the scene, with a hundred and fifty Manyemas, and began to raid the country for ivory and slaves. I subsequently saw a letter to the *Times* referring to these Manyemas as follows: "Englishmen have stood and watched while their Manyema *allies* (!) fired at the heads of unhappy men and women who had leaped into the river and were trying to swim across, and have gathered round the Manyema camp-fires at night to hear them relate their prowess." Now Major Barttelot and his companions were no more to blame than the emperor of China for this state of affairs. They had Stanley's orders to keep on good terms with the Arabs; and even had they been free to act according to their own opinion of what was right, what could they have done with only two hundred men, the greater part of whom were Zanzibaris, who would probably have deserted at once had there been a fight with the Arabs? As it was, the major had great difficulty in keeping clear of hostilities, as Salim bin Mahomed became so eager to possess the guns, powder, and other stores left by Stanley, that he did all in his power to pick a quarrel with the Europeans, in order to have an excuse for bringing up two or three thousand men, exterminating them (the Europeans), and seizing the stores. The duty of the members of the expedition was to do all in their power to hasten after Stanley with the stores; and a rupture with the Arabs who were to provide the carriers for these stores, would certainly not have furthered this object. The writer of the letter quoted above seems to have been under the impression that the expedition was sent out to suppress the raids of the Arabs; to have done this effectually would have required a whole army, instead of two hundred men, the greater part of whom were Mohammedans, and naturally in sympathy with their co-religionists. As for "sitting round the Manyema camp-fires," etc., I can only say I never heard of any of the five white men doing so; and should think it would have been a some-

* See letter published in the daily papers for August 19, 1887.

what dangerous proceeding, considering the strained relations existing between them and the Arabs.

The letter goes on to say: "The four hundred Manyemas who have consented to go with Major Barttelot have only done so after expressly stipulating that they are not to be interfered with; so that pillage, murder, and man-eating will no doubt lay waste the country along the line of march, as they have already the country round the camp. The column will thus throw open still more virgin country to the Manyemas, who will be able to supply the Stanley Falls trading factory with marvelously cheap ivory."

When Mr. Jamieson arrived at Yambuya, with Tippoo Tip and these four hundred men, I heard him mention to Major Barttelot that the Manyemas had made this stipulation; and the major replied that he would see the State officials about it, and do all in his power to prevent the granting of such a condition. The Stanley had by this time arrived at Yambuya, with three or four Belgian officials of the Free State, destined for Stanley Falls Station. Of these, two if not three were, as responsible representatives of the State, in a position to insist on knowing the terms of the agreement between Major Bartelott and the Manyemas; and *one* of them, at least, was aware of the above condition, for I heard Mr. Jamieson mention it in conversation with him and Major Barttelot.

Major Bartelott's duty was to take the men from Tippoo Tip, and set out immediately to follow Stanley—who was supposed to have made all necessary arrangements with Tippoo before leaving. The palaver which followed the arrival of the men at Yambuya was caused by extra demands on the part of Tippoo Tip, who—as governor of Stanley Falls—had, or was supposed to have, undertaken to suppress all raiding for slaves and ivory; while all those officials of the Free State who were in a position to do so, were, on their part, bound to prevent the engagement of the men on such conditions as those named above. Tippoo Tip's demands appeared to me to be made simply with a view to extorting gunpowder; for he demanded and was paid an ammunition which should have gone to relieve Emin Pasha. Indeed there is some ground for the suspicion that he purposely brought only four hundred men, instead of the promised six hundred, so that the major, being unable to take all his loads, might be the more ready to pay him (Tippoo)

in gunpowder, which is here very valuable, and difficult to obtain in any quantity. Here again the State officials might have delayed, if not averted, the evil day for some poor natives, for they knew to what uses the powder would be put; and had they insisted on Tippoo Tip's being paid by cheque instead, he would have had to wait at least a year before that cheque could have been exchanged for ammunition.

As for the "virgin country" to be "thrown open" by the expedition column, Salim bin Mahomed's men had not only raided the country behind Stanley's back, and in his line of march, to a distance of some fifteen days' journey from Yambuya, but had crossed the Aruhwimi, and laid waste the country to the north and northwest, as well as the right bank of the Aruhwimi nearly down to its junction with the Congo. With these men raiding in front of them, therefore, very little would have been left for the four hundred Manyemas to do.

After Salim bin Mahomed had been for some months raiding round Yambuya, he came into collision with Major Barttelot; and the latter, as the only means of avoiding a fight, walked to Stanley Falls, and finding Tippoo Tip away, called on Nzigé, his deputy, and so managed matters that Salim either was recalled to the Falls, or went on a long expedition; at any rate he disappeared from Yambuya, and for a time the aspect of affairs improved.

A few days before the arrival of the A.I.A. at Yambuya, Salim reappeared with two thousand men, and formed a camp close behind Major Barttelot's. He then forbade the natives to sell food to the white men, demanded for his own use the stores of the Emin Pasha Expedition, which, of course, were refused him, and also sent men to break up the canoes of the expedition, which were lying in the river, at the foot of the bluff on which the camp stood. He would perhaps have proceeded to even greater lengths, had he not heard that Mr. Ward had gone down the Congo to send telegraph despatches to the committee in England.

Such was the state of affairs when I arrived at Yambuya in May, 1888. Having waited there some four days, owing to a rumor (which, on Major Barttelot's going to investigate the matter, turned out to be false) that Stanley was within two days' march of us on his return to the camp, I got up steam on the morning of May 11th, and prepared to start. Mr. Troup was slightly better than when we

found him, and we promised that either the A.I.A. or the Stanley should come and take him down river if he did not soon recover. As Tippoo Tip was now an official of the State, the officer on board offered to take the ivory collected at Yambuya by Salim bin Mahomed round to Stanley Falls in the A.I.A. This offer was at once accepted, and Salim's men stowed away about fifteen hundred pounds of ivory in our whale-boat. Some of the tusks were very fine; but at least two-thirds of them, which had been taken from villages burnt by the Manyemas, were considerably reduced in value by the cracks and blisters caused by the heat of the burning huts. These tusks contrast very unfavorably with the fine ivory bought peaceably and cheaply by European traders on the Congo, which is worth about four times as much; and afford a striking proof of the low value set on human life by the Arabs, who, for the sake of a few such, will murder scores of men and women. Having taken on board two or three of Salim's men to look after his ivory, we started at 8 A.M.; and the steamer, being much lighter than before, and having the current in her favor, shot rapidly past the numerous villages on the banks of the Aruhwimi, and by nine o'clock the next morning had turned the corner, and was ascending the Congo towards Stanley Falls. The Aruhwimi district, as I saw it, was certainly the most densely populated part of the Congo Free State I had visited. Villages, large and small, crowded each other along the banks, four of which — Mokulu, Umaneh, Bondeh, and Yambumba — certainly deserved the term "metropolitan," applied by Stanley to the last of the four. This dense population will soon diminish under the rule of the Arabs, who do not allow the natives to build permanent huts, but encourage them to make raids on other tribes and capture slaves and ivory, which they then buy of them. I have been told by men who have been at Nyangwé, that this system has been so thoroughly carried out there, that the country is now so thinly populated as to render it a matter of difficulty to procure food; and that one tribe, who had been supplied by the Arabs with guns and powder for these raids, had revolted, and kept the weapons to go raiding on their own account.

Above the mouth of the Aruhwimi the Congo narrows considerably, and the islands thin out. The north bank gradually rises, till it ends in a grand, forest-topped bluff over fifty feet in height; and this,

again, gives place to a range of hills, whose densely wooded sides slope steeply down to the water's edge.

On May 14th we came to a clearing on the south bank, where a number of temporary native huts were erected, and a number of canoes, with a shelter of sticks and grass rigged up amidships, lay alongside the bank. In these the people — who formerly lived in large villages, till the Manyemas descended the Congo and destroyed them — live and sleep, moving about from place to place. About ten of the smaller canoes, paddled by some very nude natives, put off to bring us yams and fish for sale. Very jolly natives these, and evidently very glad to see us, for they started a song and dance in our honor, paddling hard the whole time, and yet, in spite of the dancing, contriving to keep their small craft upright on the water. The words of the song — of which I was unable to obtain a translation — were, as nearly as I could write them down, as follows: —

I yon so dokélé,
I yon so dokélé,
Duda, duda.

Some of these men had hideously ugly faces, having covered them with cicatrization to such an extent that it was hard to tell which of the huge lumps of flesh was originally meant for the nose. Others were better-looking, and had fairly pleasant countenances, but all seemed delighted to see us. There is a fashion here of boring a hole in the upper lip and the lobe of each ear, into which is inserted a conical plug of wood or ivory. This is gradually pressed in, so as to enlarge the hole to the required size, and when the latter is extended to suit the fancy of the victim, a circular, highly polished slab of ivory is inserted. With one of these in his lip, and another in each ear, the native puts on a "la-di-da" air, and expects to produce a strong impression on the young-lady portion of his acquaintance. Should the gentleman desire to do the complete "masher," two or three plugs, each larger than the last, are used, one after another, till the lobes of the ears and the lips are stretched into a narrow band like a strip of leather. I saw one man who had his mouth completely hidden by a round piece of ivory nearly two inches in diameter, while two more pieces of the same size hung suspended by the lobes of his ears. This man seemed to have reached the "too utterly utter" stage of masherdom, for he could do nothing but lean on his paddle and gaze contemptuously down on

the beads and cowries wherewith I tried to tempt him to take out and sell his decorations.

Farther on we came to a succession of clearings, just below the junction of the Lomami with the Congo, where I counted over three hundred canoes of various sizes. Rounding a point just above this, we came in view of the mouth of the Lomami, and some Arab houses, which turned out to be the headquarters of Raschid, Tippoo Tip's reputed nephew — the man who, two years before, had directed the attack on Stanley Falls Station, and, by his success there, greatly increased his renown among the Arabs and Manyemas. He was quite a young man, with a light yellow complexion — suggesting that of a white man suffering from a bad attack of yellow jack — bright, restless eyes, and very thin lips. He was dressed in the usual Mohammedan style — in long white shirt, and short, white, embroidered jacket, with a light-yellow turban on his head. On his invitation we made fast to the shore, and stopped there for the rest of the day. In the evening I went up to the top of the high river-bank, to a house used as a sort of divan, where I found Raschid and his principal men seated on mats. On a seat opposite were three or four Kassongo drummers, who performed at intervals, while the Arabs discussed the topics of the day. A crowd of Manyemas and natives of the place soon gathered round, and went through some very intricate dances, in which every one seemed to be moving in all directions at once. The inhabitants of the Stanley Falls district certainly excel all others I have seen in dancing. I have watched over a hundred of them engaged in a set of most complicated evolutions for nearly half an hour, without seeing one man get out of place. As the hour of 6 P.M. approached, and the sun neared the western horizon, prayer-mats began to appear; and soon all the Arabs were absorbed in their devotions, bowing down towards the east in a way which seemed to indicate that they were trying to commit suicide by knocking their foreheads against the ground. When this performance began, I retired to the steamer, and had my usual evening bath. Soon after I had finished, a Zanzibari came and told me chop was ready in Raschid's house; so I followed him up the bank into a large enclosure surrounded by a high bamboo fence, and containing several huts, and one house of quite respectable size. The latter was occupied by Raschid, and the huts by his slaves and

women. I was conducted into Raschid's bedroom, where I found he had a large double bed furnished with mattress, blankets, sheets, and mosquito-curtain, quite in the European style. Scattered about were various spoils from Stanley Falls, such as Mr. Deane's camp-table and chair, a torn copy of Stanley's "Five Years on the Congo" in French, a pair of hunting-boots, the station bell, and a broken revolver. On either side of the door were two or three guns, among which I noticed a Winchester, a Spencer's repeating-rifle, and a self-extracting revolver. All of these, however, as I soon found, were out of repair, and useless for fighting purposes. While we were waiting for dinner, Raschid entertained us with an account of the attack and defence of Stanley Falls Station, two years before, interspersed — he being unaware that I had gone up in the A.I.A. to Mr. Deane's rescue — with some most atrocious lies as to the number of our men shot down by the Arabs. He also informed me that Deane had been shot through the arm by one of his (Raschid's) men, and was rather taken aback when I told him I knew all about it, having been present when Deane came on board the steamer, and seen him for myself.

Raschid then went on to relate how, when the A.I.A. went down river, he and his compatriots were terribly frightened, not knowing what the resources of the State might be, and expecting that at least twenty large steamers, crammed with men and big guns, would shortly come up and drive them out of the region of the Falls. They had therefore proceeded to strengthen their position to the best of their ability; though if prompt action had been taken by the State, they would have been obliged to abandon all their posts below Stanley Falls. They had sent express messengers to Kassongo and Zanzibar, and had gradually — as month after month passed and they still remained unmolested — brought up reinforcements of Arabs and Manyemas; until at last, nearly a year later, when they saw the Henry Reed coming up the reach below the mouth of the Lomami, they considered themselves strong enough to defy the State.

Meanwhile what was the State doing? Month after month I lived in almost daily expectation of seeing an armed force come up the river, fully equipped for re-establishing the lost station and punishing the Arabs, who had caused the death of one of their officers, and nearly of another. Nearly a year passed before at length the

rumor reached us of a mighty expedition proceeding up river. It is easier to imagine than to describe my disgust when, on my arrival at Bangala (being absent when the expedition passed), I heard that Tippoo Tip had been appointed governor of the Stanley Falls district, and that Mr. Stanley, who was on his way to relieve Emin Pasha, was going to see him safe to his destination. Nor was this the worst; for, as I now found out, Tippoo had made good use of his five senses on his journey round from Zanzibar. He had been well received at Boma, and shown all there was to see, — had experienced the difficulties of transport past the Livingstone Falls, and discovered what a time it took the State to get goods up to Léopoldville. He knew how many steamers could be mustered on the upper river, and how long they would take to reach Stanley Falls, — he had, in short, been shown how weak was the power which, to him and his chiefs, had probably appeared so formidable. His thoughts on the subject were clearly shown by his answer to a trader who remarked that the Congo Free State was a large country. "Yes," he replied, "it is a large country *on paper*."

Next morning, starting about 6.30 A.M., we crossed the mouth of the Lomami, and in about two hours and a half arrived abreast of Yaporo, where Captain Coquilhat and myself had a brush with the Arabs in 1886, when returning from the Falls with Mr. Deane.

There was now a considerable Arab settlement here, with five or six large houses; but the native village had (as usual when the Arabs made their appearance) entirely vanished, — numerous covered canoes along the bank showing where the people now lived. Continuing our journey, we crossed to the north bank, and reached Yangambi about 10 A.M. This place is very prettily situated on a piece of flat ground, backed by a semicircle of fine wooded hills, about four hundred feet high, across which lies the road to Yambuya. From the top of these hills, I have heard that a splendid view is to be obtained over miles of country, covered as far as the eye can reach with one vast ocean of dark-green forest, through which the lordly Congo ploughs its mighty way.

The channel in front of Yangambi has very little water, and the A.I.A., drawing three feet, could barely get through. Later on, in the dry season, one can walk right across this channel to the islands in front. There being no news from Yambuya, we left here at 11.30 A.M., and

rounded three high, wood-covered, rocky points. About 3 P.M. we arrived at a place called Yalasula (marked Yaruché on Stanley's map), and having no fuel, decided to camp there for the night — the chief Arab promising to get us a supply of wood before morning. After dinner, several of the chief Arabs of the place came down to the steamer, and, over some fragrant cups of coffee, told us about the natives and the country. Among other items, they mentioned that a large lake existed in the region between the lower Lomami and the bend of the Congo. This lake, they say, is connected by a small stream with the Lomami, and can be reached from that river in one day with canoes; steam-launches, they said, were useless, as the connecting stream was not large enough.

Next morning, about half past five, as I was performing a very elementary toilet, the chief of Yangambi — a man who might have sat for a statue of Hercules — came up in a canoe, and handed me a small piece of folded paper. On opening this, I found that it was a note from Major Barttelot, stating that he had walked over from Yambuya to Yangambi, and would be at Yalasula by 10 A.M., on his way to Stanley Falls. His canoe arrived punctually, and, taking him on board, we proceeded, and about eleven passed Yariembi and Iuma, — two villages which, on our previous visit (in 1886), had declined to have any dealings with us. They were now occupied by Arabs and Manyemas — and the natives, where were they? Above this the river is, for some distance, clear of islands, and rolls majestically along, in a single stream, over a mile wide. At 3.30 P.M. we arrived at Yarukombe, the place where, in 1886, Captain Coquilhat had found Mr. Deane lying in a native hut, more dead than alive. This place was also subject to the Arabs, and the friendly natives who had sheltered Mr. Deane, and done their best for him, were now scattered far and wide. I afterwards heard that the chief of this village and another chief, together with fifty of their followers, had been beheaded by the Arabs for assisting him. Right opposite, perched on a high bank in a deep bay, is Yatuka, whither we presently steamed, and made fast for the night on a long spur of sand. We then continued our journey, and, passing two more Arab settlements — Yatakusu and Yakusu — arrived about 3 P.M. abreast of the mouth of the Chofu River. On the point of the peninsula formed by this river and the Congo was a small clearing; and here, in 1886, I had made

the A.I.A. fast, while Samba searched for Deane in the dense bush that covered the point. The current here is very strong; and not getting on so fast as I had expected, we were obliged to camp at a place pointed out to us by Major Barttelot, who had already been up to the Falls in a canoe. Next morning a dense mist detained us till eight o'clock; but by 10 A.M. we were made fast at the landing-place of the old State station on the island of Wana Rusari. Nothing now remained of this — which had been the finest of all the Upper Congo stations — but the gun-shed, and the roads, which the Arabs had for some reason kept clear of grass. Before long we were visited by old Nzigé, Tippoo Tip's reputed brother — an old Arab who appeared to me as if he had just stepped out of one of the pictures of the patriarchs which I used to see in an old family Bible when I was a child. His face was even a lighter yellow than his son Raschid's; and his grey beard, reaching nearly to his waist, gave him quite a venerable appearance. He was dressed in a long flowing white shirt, and had a white turban on his head. I subsequently found out that he had an insatiable appetite for chocolate, and would continue eating it as long as the supply was kept up. Some of the Arabs with him were light-complexioned, and others black as negroes; all were dressed in heavily embroidered long white shirts. Having had a good look round, and inquired into the mysteries of the engine and boiler of the A.I.A., the Arabs presently departed, and I was at liberty to go ashore. All the ground where the old State station had formerly stood was now covered with Arab houses and Manyema huts, surrounded by large tracts of cleared ground, planted with rice, maize, manioc, etc. In the gun-shed were the three Krupp guns, dismantled by Mr. Deane before quitting the station. The breech-pieces, which had been thrown into the river, had been recovered by the Arabs; but the breech-pins, lynch-pins, cottas, and all the small pieces, were missing. The carriages were so twisted — probably through the explosion of the powder-magazine — that only one gun lay fair in its bearings, although the hinges of these bearings had been roughly repaired by Zanzibari smiths, so that the guns could have been used as muzzle-loaders.

Next day, being Sunday, Major Barttelot (who had previously visited the place) took me round the island to see all the principal Arabs, with whom he seemed to be on very friendly terms. The upper

part of the island, I found, consisted of a rocky platform, raised some thirty feet above the lower half, on the edge of which was all that remained of the Wenya village seen by Stanley in 1883. At the upper extremity of the island the river tumbles over a reef of rocks twelve or fifteen feet high, after which it pours down in a roaring, foaming rapid, two miles in length, at the foot of which lay the little A.I.A. — her white sun-deck gleaming in the midday light. A rocky, wood-covered islet in the very centre of this cataract formed a peaceful and pleasing contrast to the war of raging waters around; while on the far shore the houses and enclosures belonging to Tippoo Tip and his brother Nzigé, seen against a background of high forest, completed as pretty a picture as any I have seen in Africa.

We then crossed the island, as I wished to inspect the small channel through which Stanley passed his canoes in 1877. The reef of rocks at the upper end of this channel was quite dry — the water only leaking through fissures down below. The channel is about thirty yards wide, and could easily be converted into a canal by which steamers could pass the seventh cataract of Stanley Falls, and gain access to the twenty-six miles of navigable water between this and the sixth cataract. The latter, Stanley says,* might, at certain seasons of the year, be surmounted near the right bank by vigorous rowing. If it could be done by rowing, a powerful steamer would serve the purpose at least equally well, and this would open another twenty-two miles of navigable water. Judging by what I heard from Jamieson (after his return from Kassongo), I believe it would be quite possible to get round the rest of the cataracts of the Stanley Falls series in the same way, and thus open out a continuous road from Nyangwé to Léopoldville. It would certainly be a much more feasible project than the Panama Canal; and when the Congo railway was finished, there would be — with the African Lakes Company service, *via* Zambesi, Shiré, Lake Nyassa, and the Stevenson road to Tanganika — two well-organized lines of traffic into the very heart of Africa. If the present rage for opening up Africa lasts a few years longer, we shall see Cook and Caygill advertising personally-conducted tours across the Dark Continent!

During our walk round the island, Major Barttelot and myself looked in upon several of the chief Arabs in their homes,

* The Congo, vol. ii., p. 155.

and were hospitably received by all, and regaled on maize-cakes, honey, and fruit. Passing through the native villages, the men and women crowded round us with loud *sennené's* and rough handshakings; and more than one sable warrior — when none but his friends were near — asked me if I had come to drive out the Arabs, as his people were quite ready to rise against them. All of these hints I was obliged to pretend I did not understand, for I could not tell what on earth to answer. Had I been free, I would gladly have done all in my power to help them; but I was in the service of the Congo Free State, and this Free State had just appointed Tippoo Tip governor of Stanley Falls. What could I say to the Bakumu and Wenya who crowded round me? Luckily for myself, I knew not a word of their language, and could easily pretend to misunderstand the interpretation of my Bangala boy. The Bakumu are certainly the finest-built men I have seen on the Congo, and I never met any natives who seemed more heartily glad to see white men. These people live principally on fish, of which they catch great quantities when the river is flooded; but, unlike the Bangalas, they do not eat crocodiles. The Bangalas give this as a reason why the crocodile does not eat the Bakumu; but I believe that the crocodiles in this part of the Congo must be of a different species, having several times heard the natives, at various places, assert that there are two kinds — one that eats men, and one that does not.

I have often seen, on mud and sand banks, traces of what appeared to me to be a fight between a crocodile and a hippo. One day, when I mentioned this to my Bangala boy, and asked him which animal was the stronger, he replied, the crocodile, asserting in proof of this, that the latter will never let a hippo eat men, but comes up when the hippo upsets a canoe, drives him away, and eats the men himself. Sometimes a crocodile tries to eat a young hippo, and then the mother fights him, and, according to the Bangalas, always gets beaten, though, for my part, I should think that the hippo, with his huge tusks and wide jaw, would, being able to use his feet, have a great advantage over the crocodile, which is wholly dependent on his teeth, backed up by an occasional lash of his tail.

As Tippoo Tip was still away at Kasongo, and no one seemed to know when he was likely to return, there was nothing to do but wait till he chose to appear. I

therefore took the opportunity of getting the launch and whale-boat cleaned out, and put in proper order for whatever work was coming next. On the afternoon of May 22nd, a tremendous discharge of muskets on the right bank announced to me that Tippoo Tip, *alias* Tippooru, *alias* Mtipula, *alias* Hamed bin Mahomed, had arrived, and I soon saw Major Barttelot and Lieutenant van Kerckhoven crossing the rapids in a canoe. Being busy at the time I was obliged to remain in the A.I.A., in spite of my impatience to find out whether Jamieson had come with Tippoo, and whether he had succeeded in getting men. Later in the evening, Major Barttelot returned to the island, and with him was Jamieson, dressed in grey trousers, grey flannel shirt, and sun-helmet. After he had washed off the dust of his journey, we all sat down to dinner, and I spent the pleasantest evening I had enjoyed for weeks. Jamieson's stock of yarns seemed endless; and during the short time I knew him, he was always the same; no matter how badly things went, he never lost his temper, and always had a song or a joke ready for dull moments. His great regret was the scarcity of game. He had — knowing the Zambesi and Matabele-land — reckoned on finding some sport in a country whither, as yet, few hunters had penetrated, and was much disappointed by the discovery that the country round Stanley Falls was almost useless as a hunting-ground, on account of the impenetrable undergrowth of the forests. As he remarked, he had hardly, as yet, seen anything worth wasting powder on, and when he did catch a glimpse of an animal, it disappeared into the dense jungle before he could get his gun to his shoulder. He further informed me that Tippoo Tip had only been able to get four hundred carriers, instead of the promised six hundred, as the men would not go to an unknown country.

A day or two later, on walking in to lunch, I found that Tippoo Tip had come over, and was discussing business with Major Barttelot and Jamieson. After the light complexion of the other Arabs, I was somewhat surprised to find Mr. Tippoo as black as any negro I had seen; but he had a fine, well-shaped head, bald at the top, and a short black beard, thickly strewn with white hairs. He was dressed in the usual Arab style, but more simply than the rest of the Arab chiefs, and had a broad, well-formed figure. His restless eyes gave him a great resemblance to the negroes' heads with blinking eyes in the electric

advertisements of somebody's shoe-polish, which adorned the walls of our London railway-stations some years ago — and earned him the nickname of "Nubian blacking."

As I was pretty busy getting the launch ready to return to Yambuya, I had not much chance of observing him further; but a day or two later I crossed the rapid in a canoe manned by Wenya fishermen — who, knowing every current and whirlpool, manage to ferry over their great canoes with comparatively little exertion — and found Tippoo Tip engaged overhauling a large pile of ivory. On seeing me, he cleared a mat by his side, invited me to sit down, and I spent a couple of hours watching him, as each tusk was brought up and marked by his men, and then entered by him on a piece of paper in Arabic characters. Salim bin Soudi, his interpreter, meanwhile told me how the ivory I saw there — some two tons — had taken about nine months to collect; how some came from the Lomami, and some from the Aruhwimi regions; of the fights they had had with natives, etc., etc., till I could not help wondering how many human lives were represented by each tusk.

This interpreter, Salim bin Soudi, answers so exactly to the description of Mahomed bin Sayid given by Stanley in "Through the Dark Continent" (vol. ii., p. 119), as to make me suspect him to be the same man under a different name. He was constantly coming to me for such things as oil, cartridges, cloth, etc., telling me Tippoo Tip wanted them; but, in so doing, he had reckoned without his host, as, in the first place, I was not in command of the State expedition, and could give away nothing without an order from the officer in charge; and in the second, Major Barttelot had found him out, and warned us in time. So one day when he came for some pieces of cloth, ostensibly for Tippoo Tip, he was told they were not at hand, and would be sent over as soon as the bale was opened. No sooner was he out of the way than one of our men was sent to Tippoo Tip with the cloth, and returned in a short time, bringing it back, with the message that Tippoo had never asked for it. After this, Mr. Salim never again tried to get cloth out of me under false pretences; but he would freely come up and beg for things on his own account.

The twenty-fourth, being the queen's birthday, was not allowed to pass unnoticed by us; and having obtained permission, I ransacked the "medical comforts"

brought up from Bangala, and presented to Major Barttelot one of the two bottles of champagne I found there. Having opened it, he proposed her most gracious Majesty's health, which we drank out of enamelled iron cups, Jamieson remarking that it was no use adding Highland honors, as we could not break the cups without the help of a hammer and anvil.

On May 26th, Major Barttelot and Jamieson left Stanley Falls in canoes for Yangambi, taking with them the four hundred men brought by Tippoo Tip from Kassongo, who were to go by land from Yangambi to Yambuya. Tippoo himself was to go round with us in the A.I.A. two or three days later. From the twenty-sixth to the morning of the twenty-ninth I was down with fever; but during the afternoon of the latter day I received a note from the officer in command, saying that Tippoo Tip and twenty of his people would be ready next day, and that a canoe had been sent down river to tell all the Arabs at the different stations to cut wood for us. A little later two large canoes, containing enough dry wood to keep us in fuel for two days, came alongside. I loaded up with as much as I could carry, and, having got everything ready for leaving on the morrow, turned in. Next day Tippoo Tip came off, with all his chiefs and women, in two large canoes. Many of these people, it is true, only came to see him off; but, when all were sorted out, I found that, instead of twenty men, he had brought fifty-four men and twelve women.

There was hardly room to breathe, and the rail of the launch was only some six inches above the water. Going to Tippoo Tip, I told him that, if he wanted to take so many people, he must give us a larger canoe; and he accordingly sent for one which, though large enough to hold some sixty people, made me doubt the power of the little steamer to mount the strong current of the Aruhwimi, with the whaleboat on one side and this canoe (60 ft. X 4 ft. X 3 ft.) on the other. However, we had not yet reached the Aruhwimi; so I lashed the canoe alongside in place of our smaller one (which was left in charge of the Arabs), and about 8.30 A.M. we started down river. At eleven we reached Chioba Island, and took the right-hand channel. Here, as the officer in command came forward, I relinquished my place to him, and went aft to have a look at the engines. Hearing a sudden shout, I looked up, and saw that we were going full on to a reef of rocks, over which the water was dashing itself

into foam. I shouted to the men in the bows to let go the anchor, but they were too much excited to heed me; so, putting the engines full astern I rushed forward, but was too late, for we crashed on to the rocks with tremendous force, bumped over the first reef, and stranded hard and fast on the second. Tippoo Tip, who had sat still as a statue, was nearly thrown into the water; and some one having unfastened the bow-lashing of the canoe, she slewed round, and, tearing away the stern-ropes, drifted off down stream, with the commanding officer and about forty men on board. Stopping the engine, I tore off my coat, and going into the water, examined the propeller, rudder, and as much of the bottom of the launch as I could reach, to see if any damage was done. I found that we had escaped with a big dent in the plates, which, but for the reversing of the engines, would certainly have been a large hole. Several canoes full of natives having come up, I sent every man who could swim into the water; and Tippoo with his chiefs getting into the whale-boat (which drew less water, and had thus escaped the rocks), and thus lightening the launch a little, we contrived, with the assistance of the natives, to push her over the reef into the deep water beyond. The current was rushing over the reef like a mill-race, but luckily every one held fast to the boat as she drifted clear, and, with the exception of a wetting, no one was the worse. By this time the men in the canoes had got out their paddles, and being unable to make headway against the current in the centre of the channel, made for the village of Yatakusu; when, having again lashed the canoe alongside, I got into dry clothes, and at noon we set off once more. We stopped that night at Yariambi, Tippoo and his people sleeping on shore, and next day got off about 6.30 A.M., stopped a few minutes at Yaporo about ten o'clock, and then went on to the Lomami, where we arrived about 1 P.M. Here we found Raschid, who had come down the day before in a canoe, and had a large pile of firewood waiting for us. We therefore remained for the rest of the day.

Next morning we left the Lomami at 6.30, — Raschid coming with us, — and at 7.30 A.M., on June 2d, entered the Aruhwimi. As I had anticipated, the A.I.A. could not make much headway against the current, with the heavy canoe she was towing, and we mounted but slowly, so that it was late on the evening of June 3d before we arrived at Yambumba, the

lowest Arab settlement on this river. Tippoo Tip, on hearing that we could reach Yambuya about 4 P.M. next day, if we had not to tow the canoe, gave orders to his people to get out their paddles, and paddle her up. Accordingly, when we started next morning, we left about thirty Zanzibaris behind, to bring up the canoe. Tippoo Tip, the whole time he was on board, always sat Turkish fashion, in the same place, on some bales of cloth. As it was the month of Ramadan, neither he nor his men ate anything during the day. About 4 P.M. we generally stopped at some Arab settlement, where Tippoo and his men, going ashore, spread out their prayer-mats, and occupied themselves in devotion till six, when, the sun having set, they prepared some food, and feasted during the night. As long as we were in the Congo, we always managed to reach an Arab settlement at night; but on entering the Aruhwimi, we had one night to sleep in a strange country, the Arabs not having yet reached the villages on the lower part of this river. When told that we could not reach Yambumba (the nearest Arab settlement) in time to pass the night there, Tippoo Tip said he would stop at the first island we came to that had a native village on it. A little after 4 P.M. we came to a village on a small island, and approached the shore. As soon as we were near enough, the Arabs and Manyemas jumped ashore, gun in hand, and drove the natives out of the village, to the other side of the island, where they took to their canoes, and tried to cross the river — the Arabs and Manyemas, our allies! standing on the bank, pouring a perfect hail of iron slugs after the wretched fugitives. Having cleared the island of natives, the Manyemas started to catch all the fowls, goats, and any other live stock they could find; and one of them came out of a hut with a half-boiled, steaming human head — which was, however, speedily thrown into the river by the Arabs. Having seen all right on board the boat, I went ashore, and found Tippoo Tip, governor of Stanley Falls District for the Etat Indépendant du Congo, making himself comfortable in the huts whence he had just ejected the rightful owners.

Leaving Yambumba at 6.30 A.M. on June 4th, without the large canoe, we were able to make a good run, and about 11.30 A.M. stopped at a small Manyema settlement to cut up some wood we had on board, which was too large for the furnace of the A.I.A. While on shore looking after the wood, I heard a shout from some of my men, and

looking up saw the Stanley coming round the far bend of the river. The officer in command of the A.I.A. went off with Tippoo Tip in a canoe to meet her; and by the time she was abreast of us, I had enough wood on board, and was ready to follow her up stream to Yambuya. At 5.30 P.M. I made fast to the bank, just below the spot where Captain Shagerström had moored his steamer. This was a full mile from the camp, as the river had fallen during my absence, and there was now not enough water over the rocks to make it safe to approach the rapids. I was very glad to see my old friends Shagerström and De Man, the captain and engineer of the Stanley; and as soon as I could get clear of the hundred and one things that had to be attended to, I went on board to pay them a visit. I found that the Stanley had brought up the long-expected garrison for the Falls Station, in charge of three Belgian officers, one of whom was to act as Tippoo Tip's secretary; and that, just after passing the mouth of the Aruhwimi, they had heard that we were on our way to Yambuya with Tippoo Tip, and had turned back to follow us. Being a much larger and more powerful steamer than the A.I.A., she had picked up the canoe left by us at Yambumba and brought it up with her. Tippoo Tip, highly elated at the arrival of this long-promised secretary, now departed for Salim Mahomed's camp in his canoe, taking with him, to my great relief, all his chiefs, men, women, and household gods. I dined that night on board the Stanley, and it was late before I turned in.

Next morning (June 5th) I was up before daylight, and at 5.30 A.M. was on my way to the camp, where I found that Major Barttelot and Jamieson had arrived all right. Troup was much the same as when I left him, but brightened up when he heard that the Stanley had arrived, and that he would shortly be able to start down river. Bonny had in some manner hurt his right hand, which was swollen to three times its proper size.

As Tippoo Tip had stipulated that none of the loads carried by his men were to exceed forty pounds in weight, it was necessary to reduce four hundred loads from sixty to forty pounds. This meant unscrewing the lid of each case of ammunition, removing a portion of the contents, filling up the empty space with dried grass, and screwing on the lids again. Troup and Bonny being laid up, and the major busy writing despatches, there was only Jamieson to attend to this work. Seeing

the state of affairs, I returned to the A.I.A., and having finished the trifling repairs she required, went to the officer in command of the expedition, and telling him my boat was in good order, obtained his leave to take one of my men, and go up to the camp to help. As the Manyemas and Arabs had left the A.I.A. and whale-boat in a very dirty state, I set the rest of my men to clean them out in my absence, and was just going to start for the camp when a note arrived from Major Barttelot, asking that two carpenters (natives of Lagos), who had come up on the Stanley for the Falls Station, might be sent to assist him. Having obtained these two men, I took a canoe and went up to the camp, where I found Jamieson hard at work with a screw-driver, singing all the time. He was very glad to see the three men I had brought, and in a few minutes we were all busy among the ammunition-cases. I was in that camp three days and two nights, and I do not ever remember to have enjoyed a piece of work more than I did the altering of those loads at Yambuya, for Jamieson kept up a continuous string of yarns, songs, and jokes, which, in spite of the labor, made me sorry that the day was over, when the watchman came to *piga ngoma* (beat the drum) at 6 P.M. During the evening, and far into the night, we sorted out the lighter loads; and as each was finished, it was stacked in the middle of the camp, under an old tent-cover.

On June 7th I finished the last of the loads; and being by this time fairly tired out, returned to the A.I.A. in the evening, turned in, and had a good sleep. While at the camp, I had slept in the mess-room, on an old tent,—the major and Jamieson lending me a couple of blankets. On the morning of the eighth, I went up to see Tippoo Tip muster the caravan. There were one hundred and thirty surplus loads; and the major decided that, as he could not get men to carry them, they would be safest in Bangala. Accordingly, Captain Shagerström took them down to the Stanley, as well as two donkeys—the country through which the expedition had to go being so bad that a donkey would have been no use. About 9 A.M., Tippoo Tip and the Manyemas came for the loads, which were all ready, laid out in rows, just outside the camp-gate. I was talking to Troup inside his hut, when I heard a noise—something between a yell and the howling of hyenas, and rushing out, found that the four hundred men brought by Tippoo Tip had refused their

loads, because they said some of them were a pound or two over the regulation weight. I do not know whether Tippoo Tip had anything to do with this refusal or not; but he and the rest of the Arabs walked away to Salim Mahomed's house, while the Manyemas dispersed to their camp. Major Barttelot, Jamieson, and Bonny held a consultation, and the Free State officers having come from the steamers, they all adjourned to Salim Mahomed's house, where a big palaver took place. The result of this was very unsatisfactory, Tippoo Tip refusing to force the men to carry the loads as they were. The loads could not be reduced to the required weight without an immense amount of trouble, as the powder and cartridges were in air-tight, soldered tins, weighing about fifteen pounds each. Three of these tins, packed in a wooden case, of from ten to twelve pounds weight, formed a load. Thus, when one tin of powder was taken out, each load, including the case, would weigh forty-one or forty-two pounds. To reduce this, the tins would have to be opened, and, after taking out a pound or two of powder, soldered up again. Except the engineer of the Stanley and myself, there was no one at Yambuya who had either the tools or the practice necessary for soldering up the tins; and as the State officials would not hear of the steamers remaining at Yambuya any longer, things began to look serious.

I had too much to do preparing for departure on the morrow to remain any longer at the camp; so saying good-bye to the major and his companions, I returned to the launch. Shortly afterwards Troup was brought down in the whale-boat by Captain Shagerström; and going on board the Stanley, I found him already looking better. In the evening I heard that Tippoo Tip had been persuaded to pass all the loads containing powder and cartridges in air-tight tins, thus leaving only about one hundred and twenty loads to be reduced. I also received orders to take the whale-boat up to the camp before daylight next morning, and fetch down Raschid and ten other Arabs. At 3 A.M. on June 9th the Stanley's fires were lit, and at four I turned out and kindled those of the A.I.A. By five I had got my Bangalas into the whale-boat, and was being paddled up the stream by starlight. Just as we passed the Stanley, whose open furnace doors shed a weird light across the dark river, Captain Shagerström ascended the bridge and blew a long blast on his whistle, and before I reached the camp

she had turned, and was steaming off on her way to the Falls. On arriving at the landing-place, I found Tippoo Tip waiting with a whole crowd of men and women, whom he wanted to send round in the A.I.A. He himself intended remaining behind, to see the expedition start, and then crossing to Yangambi, and going up to the Falls in a canoe. Though day was breaking by this time, I determined to have one more look at the members of the expedition; so I dashed up the bluff, through the water-gate into the camp, and into Major Barttelot's hut. The major was sitting on some boxes, his face buried in his hands, and his elbows on his knees; he seemed more depressed than I had ever seen him before. "Good-bye, major!" I shouted; "I have only two minutes to spare." On hearing my voice, he jumped up like a shot, and seized my outstretched hand, exclaiming, "Don't be in a hurry, old fellow. We may all be dead in another week, you know." Just then, the notes of a bugle sounding the recall, and a long whistle from the A.I.A. came floating up on the still morning air, and one of my men rushed in to tell me she was going to start. I turned to the major, who continued, "I should like to get home to the old place again. If you get home before news of me arrives, tell my father I was all right when you saw me." "All right," said I, as I rushed out. Jamieson and Bonny were in the mess-room, the former in high spirits at the prospect of starting at last. A few hurried words of farewell, and I ran down to the landing-place, when I found that Tippoo Tip had filled up my boat with about fifty men, women, and boys. After much persuasion, he consented to take twenty out; but even then, I knew we could not go, as the Stanley had left with the large canoe fully loaded, and we had nothing but the small launch and whale-boat. However, I started, and when we reached the A.I.A., Raschid, seeing the overloaded condition of the two boats, disposed of ten more people, and we at length got under way. Before we had gone very far, one of my men (a Zanzibari) came and told me that Tippoo Tip had told the Manyemas that if the major did not treat them well, they were to shoot him. This was such an astonishing statement, that I could hardly believe it; but it was confirmed by several of Tippoo's own men, then on board, and, some days later, by Salim bin Soudi, the interpreter. Had it been in my power, I would have gone back to the camp and told the major; but I was not in com-

mand, and had to obey orders and go on. From that time until the day when I received the news of the major's death, I realized what the feelings of Damocles must have been, as day after day I expected to hear that the death which I seemed to know was coming, yet was powerless to avert, had overtaken him. Yet when, weeks afterwards, the sad tidings reached me, I hardly seemed to realize it. As long as I live, I hope never to be in the same position again. It seemed like one long, long nightmare; the everlasting falling down a precipice which has no bottom is the only thing to which I can compare the state of suspense I was in for the next ten weeks. But how different was the awakening!

The day after the Stanley left Stanley Falls, as I was on board the A.I.A. writing a letter to Mr. Deane, to tell him about the present position of affairs in his old station, a steamer appeared round the bend of the river. Taking a canoe, I went down to meet her, and found she was the Holland—the new stern-wheeler of the Dutch Trading Company, with Mr. Greshoff (manager of their factories on the Upper Congo) on board. Soon after boarding her, I heard the sad news of Mr. Deane's death. I could get no particulars, except that, while out shooting, he had been knocked down by an elephant, which had driven his tusk through his neck from behind. I was also told that Captain Bayley had been obliged to go home on account of illness. The Holland had picked up Tippoo Tip and his men at Yalasula, to which place they had marched from Yambuya.

The Arabs having departed to their houses, and the Holland being made fast, I went up to lunch. On returning to the A.I.A., my unfinished letter to Deane caught my eye. Deane, who in 1886 had, for a whole month, evaded the Arabs, living in the depth of the jungle, with no clothes but a piece of old blanket round his loins, and reduced to eating caterpillars and wood-worms* to avoid starvation,—all of which had not been sufficient to deter him from returning to Africa,—Deane killed—and by an elephant! I tore up my letter, flung it into the river, and, seizing my gun, went off into the bush to shoot something.

The next few days were spent by me in overhauling the engines of the A.I.A., and by Mr. Greshoff in buying Tippoo Tip's ivory with gunpowder. The day

before I left Stanley Falls, Salim Mahomed arrived from Yambuya, bringing a letter from Major Barttelot to Tippoo Tip. From him I learned that Barttelot, Jamieson, and Bonny, were quite well, and were encamped six days' march east of Yambuya; that the Manyemas had already begun to give trouble, and that this fact formed the subject of the major's letter to Tippoo Tip.

On the morning of June 25th, we were visited by a tremendous tornado; but by 8.30 A.M. both the A.I.A. and the Holland had steam up, and were ready to start, which we did shortly after, leaving behind us the three Belgian officers who had come up in the Stanley to rebuild the station. As soon as we were clear of the rocky part of the river, which extends some twenty miles below the Falls, the A.I.A. was made fast alongside the Holland, and together we steamed down to Bangala, where we arrived on the afternoon of July 3rd. On July 6th the Holland left for Stanley Pool; and on the seventh I was suddenly seized with violent pains in the stomach, and before night was down with acute dysentery. I tried a large dose (sixty grains) of ipecacuanha, which seemed to arrest the disease for some hours, but only to break out again in a chronic form. Of all that happened during the next four weeks I have no very clear recollection. I got little if any sleep, until the *En Avant* arrived from the Pool, with Mr. Herbert Ward, who was returning to Yambuya, after having sent off his despatches to the Emin Relief Committee, from Loanda. As Major Barttelot had left Yambuya, Ward was to remain at Bangala till he received further orders from the committee; and on learning what was the matter with me, he set to work to make me as comfortable as he could, so that I soon began to improve a little. The A.I.A. having meanwhile left for the Pool, I applied to the chief for a canoe to take me down to the missionary station at Equator. On the morning of July 19th, I received notice that the canoe and twenty-two Bangalas were ready for me. I crawled down to the landing-place, and lay down on the top of my boxes, under a kind of awning of mats put up by my boy; and saying good-bye to Ward, was paddled away. In the evening a heavy rain came on, which continued for the greater part of the next thirty-six hours. I managed to keep dry, by crouching in a heap under the only two blankets I had, and at last arrived at Equator on the evening of the third day, more dead than alive. Here I was very kindly re-

* This is a fact.

ceived by Mr. Banks of the American Baptist Mission, who took me into his house, and— together with his wife, who made me beef-tea, and anything else that I could take, and was untiring in her efforts for my comfort— did all in his power to restore me to health. In about a fortnight I was able to walk about a little, and began to think I should soon be all right, when eczema broke out all over my lower limbs, and speedily spread, till I was one huge sore from my neck downwards. What saved my face I do not know, but was glad to find that my head was not attacked.

At last, after what seemed to me ages, the *En Avant* arrived from Stanley Falls, bringing the sad news of Major Barttelot's death. I left in her the same day, arriving at Léopoldville, August 22nd. There I had a slight relapse, and, learning from the doctor at the station that I should not recover if I remained in Africa, applied for a hammock and carriers to take me to the coast; and on August 29th, was carried out of Léopoldville on my way to Matadi. I will pass over the miseries of the first stage of my journey, which I duly survived, arriving at Lukungu, September 5th. Here, through the kindness of Mr. Hoste (of the A.B.M.U.), who gave me some oxide of zinc ointment, I obtained some relief from the unremitting pain of the eczema; and here, too, I found a friend of mine, Mr. Hens, an artist, who had come out with me nearly three years before, and whom I had not seen since I left him at Boma, when going up country. Since that time he had been to Europe, and returned to the Congo, and was now on his way home for the second time, only waiting for the arrival of the mail before starting for the coast. On September 7th, I was greatly surprised by the appearance of Ward, who was carried into Lukungu in a hammock, being unable to walk on account of ulcers on his feet. I was greatly shocked by the sad news he told me of Jamieson's death from fever at Bangala. While deploring the sad event I could not but admire the devoted and untiring courage with which Jamieson had stuck to his duty till the last; and I hope that when Ward comes home, we shall have full particulars of the events which brought about his death. It seems that after Major Barttelot was shot, Jamieson, leaving Bonny to look after the caravan, returned to Stanley Falls with the assassin, and handed him over to the officials of the Free State, who, after trial, sentenced him to death. He then, having

made arrangements with Tippoo Tip for supplying men to take the remaining loads to Wadelai, started down river in a canoe to bring up Ward and the loads lying at Bangala. Two or three days after leaving the Falls with a crew of Manyemas, not feeling very well, he was lying down in the canoe under a mat, when some natives, seeing a canoe full of Manyemas, and fearing that the Arabs were descending the river on a raid, prepared to attack them. On perceiving this, the men came to Jamieson, and hearing what was the matter, he stood up in the blazing sun, waving his hat to the natives. The latter, seeing a white man, desisted from the attack; but the exposure brought on fever, and for eight days and nights— until his arrival at Bangala— Jamieson lay in the bottom of the canoe, soaked to the skin by the water which had accumulated there, and without a drop of tea or anything but Congo water to quench his burning thirst. With almost superhuman courage, he attempted to throw off the fever, and at last reached Bangala alive, but that was all. He lived only two days, but, in spite of his weakness, succeeded in telling Ward the state of affairs at Stanley Falls; and then, having done all that a man could possibly do, he died; almost his last words,—"Hang this fever! if I could only face it, I could beat it!"— showing how, to the very end, he fought against the sinking stupor. As Ward said, it was nothing but sheer pluck that kept him alive till his work was done. He had simply lived for some days on his determination to reach Bangala, where he expected to find Ward, who would be able to relieve him. His object gained, his strong will gave way under the fearful strain, and one more name was added to the long roll of those who have given their lives for Africa.

As soon as he was buried, Ward left Bangala in a canoe for Léopoldville, and was now on his way to Loanda to get instructions from the committee. He only rested one night at Lukungu, and next morning (September 6th), at 6 A.M., he was off for Matadi. To show the speed with which he travelled, I may mention that a few hours later, when my carriers appeared, the chief of the station handed me a letter to Mr. Ingham, a missionary at Banza Manteka. This letter, as I subsequently found, Ward had sent off by special messenger two days before his departure from Léopoldville; and Mr. Ingham, after opening it, turned to me, and asked why Ward had taken the trouble

to write to him, and then come on ahead of his letter, to tell him all the news in person—a question I could not answer. At noon I was carried out of Lukungu, and next day was nearly mad with the pain of the eczema, which was rendered worse than ever by the friction caused by the motion of the hammock. On arriving at Banza Manteka, I was again indebted to a missionary—Mr. Ingham—for a temporary respite, and spent a very pleasant evening with him and Mr. and Mrs. Richards. On the morning of September 14th, I passed through Mpallaballa, another station of the A.B.M.U., where I stopped an hour or two with Mr. and Mrs. Clark. Leaving here at 2 P.M., I crossed the Mpozo about four o'clock. As I was carried over the top of the last ridge, I raised myself in my hammock; and my men, giving a shout, broke into a run, and carried me suddenly into view of the waters of the Lower Congo. There, almost under my feet, rolled the grand old river, her waters looking like a flood of liquid gold in the light of the sinking sun, as they foamed and curled away down their rocky channel towards the ocean. Between me and the river lay a rocky ridge, over which I could just see the tops of a grove of trees, marking the site of Matadi. Three or four miles down the river I could descry the roofs of the Baptist mission station at Underhill, perched on a high rocky point, behind which the river disappeared from view. Opposite this was the Devil's Calderon—a large bay surrounded by cliffs from six hundred to eight hundred feet high. The mighty river, in attempting to reach the sea, has scooped out this huge indentation before taking a turn nearly at right angles to its former course, and now foams round and round in great whirlpools, which seem to flash streaks of light across the dark shadows thrown by the cliffs—the deep indigo of the mountains on the north bank forming a splendid background to the whole picture.

The prospect of speedily finishing their task seemed to animate my men, and they tore down the steep hill at such a pace that I suffered agonies from the excessive friction of the shaking hammock on my sore skin. However, I did not stop them, as I knew that in half an hour it would all be over. Just at sunset I was carried up to the door of the chief's house at Matadi, and was soon made as comfortable as possible in a room, while my carriers were dismissed to the camp. In the evening I heard that Ward had arrived the day before, but too late to catch the steamer,

and had, although dead tired, gone to a great deal of trouble to procure a canoe to take him down to Boma by night, rather than lose the Portuguese mail-boat, by which he intended to send his despatches to the island of St. Thomé.* Having had but little sleep the last few nights, I obtained some opium pills from the chief of Matadi, and one of them soon sent me into a kind of doze, from which I did not awake till nearly 8 A.M. the next day, when I heard that a schooner was to leave for Boma at eleven. As it was not likely that another steamer would come up that week, I decided to go in the schooner; and accordingly, having had all my loads stowed on board, I was carried down to the beach, and placed in the stern of the vessel, which was an open boat of ten tons, manned by Cabindas. The wind was up-river, and we had to tack, which so delayed us that by the time the wind dropped, after sunset, we were still fifteen miles from Boma, and I was obliged to spend the night on the schooner's deck, covered with a blanket. Next morning we were off again at daylight, and reached Boma at 9 A.M., where I was glad to turn into bed, in a room given me by the chief of the station. As I was able to get more nourishing food here than up the river, I soon became stronger, and was able to get about a little. For this improvement in health I was chiefly indebted to Mr. Ainsworth, of Messrs. Hatton & Cookson's factory, Boma, who sent me eggs and other dainties not to be had in the crowded State station, and even offered to accommodate me in his house until the arrival of the English mail-steamer.

On September 21st, the African Steamship Company's steamer *Africa* arrived from Antwerp. She had to go on to Loanda, and was to call again at Banana; but as there was no other steamer leaving for England, I decided to go on board at once rather than remain at Boma. Accordingly, I embarked on September 24th, and by noon the *Africa* was steaming down the Congo on her way to Loanda. By the 9th of October, when, at 10 A.M. we reached Banana, on our return from that dirty Portuguese settlement, my health had greatly benefited by the voyage, and I was by this time nearly cured of eczema, though still very weak. Mr. Hens, who had followed me down to Boma, came on board here, and on October 11th the *Africa* steamed

* There is no telegraph station on the Congo, the cable going right past the mouth to St. Paul de Loanda. St. Thomé is the next nearest station after Loanda.

out of Banana homeward bound. I now congratulated myself that my troubles were ended, but soon discovered that I had been shouting too soon, for I had not yet "emerged from the forest primeval." A day or two later I had another relapse of dysentery, and on reaching Lagos, my disgust with things in general was further increased by the announcement that the Africa had been chartered to proceed to Kotonou, and load palm-kernels for Marseilles.

Where in Africa was Kotonou? We soon found out, for five or six hours' steaming westward from Lagos brought us to a miserably small French station, situated on a spit of sand behind which was a large lagoon. There was a terrible surf here, and the place swarmed with sharks. We soon found that, owing to the surf, it would take some thirty-five days for the ship to load up, — but were saved from utter despair by hearing that the S.S. Biafra, belonging to the same company as the Africa, would come up in a few days and take us to Liverpool. Late at night, on October 26th, she made her welcome appearance, and next morning Captain Bales came to fetch all the passengers. I was still feeling very sick and weak; and it was not until we reached the Canary Islands that — lying in a comfortable deck-chair lent me by the captain, and watching the sun sink behind the towering peak of Teneriffe — I began to think life worth living, and to find that there were times when one could, in the enjoyment of the present, forget the hardships of the past. On November 22d we at last entered the Mersey, and I experienced a new sensation when, on landing, I found none but white faces around me, and met fair ladies in every street by the score, of whom, during the past three years, I had perhaps seen a dozen. Before evening I was comfortably established in the North-western Hotel, and dined there with Mr. Herford, a fellow-passenger, who had spent three years on the West Coast. The fresh food, snowy table-cloths, and good cooking were especially enjoyable after the tinned chop and tough goat of Africa, and the scarcely less leathery beef of the Canaries. We both agreed, as we drank to the girls of Old England in a foaming pint of bitter ale, that no one could properly enjoy a good dinner till he had been to a country where good dinners were unattainable.

When, on my arrival at the coast, I heard that the Germans and English were blockading the east coast of Africa, Tip-

poo Tip's excessive eagerness to be paid (not only by Major Barttelot, but by the traders to whom he sold his ivory) *in gunpowder*, recurred very forcibly to my memory. I had several times heard Tippoo Tip express his dislike to the Germans, who, as he said, were driving him out of his country. What more likely than that he should wish to send this powder over to the Zanzibar Arabs, who are fighting the Germans on the east coast? Of what use is a blockade on that coast, while Tippoo Tip is governor of Stanley Falls, and has the Congo route open for bringing up arms and ammunition? To make the blockade effective, the west coast must be closed to the importation of arms as well as the east; and even this would leave an opening for them to reach the interior through the Portuguese colonies — in spite of Portugal's ostensible approbation of the blockade. Tippoo Tip complains that the Germans entered the territory of the sultan of Zanzibar, made secret treaties with the native chiefs subject to him, and then claimed the country as annexed by Germany, and forced the sultan to sign it away.

From Longman's Magazine.

A COUNTRY DAY-SCHOOL SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

[Among the unpublished papers of the late Mr. Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S., I find the following pages, recalling, in a very artless manner, the scenes of my father's childhood at school. Slight as they are, and desultory, they give very realistically and vividly a sketch of conditions which are as extinct to-day as the dodo is, and almost as remote; nor am I sure that there exists any similar trivial record of life among the boys of a country day-school at the beginning of the present century. My friend, Mr. Thomas Hardy, has kindly obliged me with one or two notes. The paper was written twenty years ago, when my father's memory, always marvellously accurate, was perfectly unimpaired. I should add that the town described is the seaport of Poole in Dorset. — E. G.]

THE rudiments of book-learning I suppose I acquired from a venerable dame called Ma'am Sly, who taught ABC to babies in the little alley of our Skinner Street, or close to it. Hither I was sent, when about three years old, to be quit of harm's way; till, after a short interval, I was promoted to accompany my elder brother W. to the lodgings of Ma'am Drew, another venerable lady who kept a dame's school near the top of Old Orchard. But of this I remember little, save that one afternoon W. objected to go to school without "a bribe," for, says he, "Jemmy Thomson always has a bribe to come." "Oh yes," replies mother, "you

shall have a bribe!" and reaches up her hand towards the cane which always hung over the mantelpiece. W. was off like a shot, and never mentioned the subject of bribes again.

As we grew older we were taught in various ways, till in 1817 a Mr. Charles Sells, who had arrived from Portsmouth, opened in Langland Street what immediately became the best day-school in Poole. It was just opposite the entrance of our lane, and W. was his earliest pupil. Before his beginning school life in earnest, I remember, father took W. to Portsmouth by Captain Osborn's hoy. After a few days our servant, Sally Cutler, was sent to bring him back by the same vessel. On his return, as I well recollect, he told us that he had seen alongside the vessel lying in Portsmouth harbor, a large medusa with four crimson rings on its convexity. We had never seen one of any species in Poole. It was doubtless *Aurelia aurita*.

Towards the end of 1818, when I joined W. at Mr. Sells's, the latter had removed to superior premises at the corner of the Parade, having now collected seventy or eighty scholars. John Hammond Brown — with whom, when we were little tots in frocks, I had begun that fast friendship which, with only one interruption, lasted until his untimely death in adolescence — joined the school at the same time; so that we were not separated, — *Arcades ambo*. We boys had a nice, spacious, gravelled playground here; and the situation was in the very best and most open part of the town. Sells was tall in person, very strongly pock-marked; agreeable in manners, well-informed, and an efficient schoolmaster. I afterwards entertained a very high respect for him. While we were at Sells's, mother would sometimes, for economy, keep us at home a quarter to carry on our studies in the back garret, by ourselves. We were industrious, and mother was on the keen lookout, and we did not lose much. Here, one day, looking down on Lance's Yard, we saw Mrs. Stickland driving her fat sow along, and scolding. I wrote in pencil on the board wall of our garret, "Mrs. Stickland talked to her pig, and think he do understand" — rather a poor sample of my grammatical advancement. This was in the autumn of 1819, I think. I wonder if the inscription still remains legible? I could put my finger on the spot.

The copies which Sells set for us to imitate at home were copper-plate sentences, generally of a preceptive charac-

ter. In lack of such, in these our self-educating quarters, I was at a loss for a text-hand copy. But seeing in Jane Taylor's "Nimble Dick" the line, —

And be not over quick,

I eagerly adopted this, simply because it was of suitable length, and began with the word "Be." When I went back to school I recollect Mr. Sells looking over my copy-book, and good-humoredly rallying me on my choice of a precept.

Soon after my first appearance at the school, the boys being assembled in the playground before class-time, a bigger boy, Tom Tucker, for some grievance which I cannot recall, struck me with both his fists together in front and behind, and "hit the wind out of me;" that is to say, by the blow the lungs were forcibly emptied of air to a much greater degree than by ordinary expiration, so that the muscular action of the diaphragm could not immediately refill them. I crumpled down on my heels, voiceless, with open mouth, gasping for breath, and frightened as well as hurt; amid the laughter of the boys, to whom I presented a curious spectacle, while, as I did not cry, they concluded I was not hurt. W. led me home as soon as I could walk, and I was not at school that afternoon. The explanation of my absence caused Tucker to come to grief. In going to and from school with W. my general mode was with a singular sort of skipping-dancing progress, side foremost, along the curb-stone of the rough Poole pavements. But later on, when we were older, John Brown and I generally walked to school together with the arm of one round the other's neck. But to this we always made one exception. In some places in the street — as for instance, in High Street, near Chapel Lane, there were stone posts along the edge of the pavement; each of these we would invariably clear, one behind the other, leap-frog fashion.

At the close of every half-year we had each a book provided for specimens of our writing; or rather the specimens were written on separate sheets of like size, and these were then bound up into a book by the stationer. The writing of those copies was an affair of very high importance and awe, and extraordinary care was taken. A single sentence on a page was sufficient, and there would be one in text, round, and small hand, and one or two in fancy hands, I think, for those boys who could achieve such. W. wrote a beautiful hand; my own was very cramped and

ugly. I recollect that the following was the small-hand sentence for one half-year:

If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit; so, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be rendered despicable, and old age miserable.

At the end of the half, too, there were exercises in arithmetic, thus: A number of us sat, each with slate and pencil, opposite Mr. Sells. He would give out a sum, and then allow us a certain time by his watch. When the allotted minutes were elapsed he cried "Stop!" and all who had the answer correct received a mark of approval. Some of these would be catch sums, of the class of "What is the difference between six dozen dozen and half-a-dozen dozen?" We employed Bonycastle's arithmetic as a text-book, and I used to find great entertainment in the series of simple catch problems at the end.

John Brown and I, sitting side by side immediately below and in front of Mr. Sells, were accustomed to amuse ourselves by drawing on our slates scenes supposed to represent Africa or India. Whichever country was intended, however, the mode of treatment in the design was invariable. A tiger (or a lion, for this amount of variation was admitted) pursued an antelope across a plain in the centre of the slate, and facing the beholder. In the distance rose a range of mountain peaks, drawn according to the approved map-fashion of the day. One of these was perforated with a cavern, from which a sympathetic tiger peeped out upon the contest. Palm-trees were scattered about, of course; and in the foreground ran a rivulet, broken by a cascade, with a brace of swans reposing on the glassy stream. This subject was sketched in, rubbed out, sketched again to-morrow, again obliterated by sponge or jacket-sleeve, to be again renewed *ad infinitum*.

Most of the pupils at Sells's were what was called "respectable;" a few, however, were somewhat humble in position. We certainly took our place in the former category. Mother took care that we were always neat and clean. I remember, indeed, wearing corduroy trousers, and at another later period a mole-skin jacket; but many boys of fair status wore these materials, although I cannot say I ever exactly liked doing so. Both W. and I had a name for decent behavior in the streets. There were one or two poor simple women, who either got their living

in the streets or were a good deal there, and were teased and taunted and nicknamed by the idle boys. Poor Betty, the cake-woman, a harmless but much-abused creature, was one day surrounded by her tormentors, when W. and I passed along the pavement. Betty saw us, and began to say, "There's two young gentlemen! why don't you behave like them? Ye never hear them calling after a poor creature!" And mother used to hear our demeanor praised from unexpected sources, much to her complacency.

Yet we could not altogether avoid hot water. Feuds with other boys would arise, and these would remain some time unsettled, a threatened "hiding" hanging over our heads. It was a common thing, on turning a corner of a street, to say, pointing to a distance, "There's a boy that owes me a hiding!" when perhaps he, catching sight of me, would savagely shake his fist, and then, seeing me protected by the company of an ally, turn up some lane. But if alone, under like circumstances, I would have to run for it. This imminence of danger from foes made us habitually cautious and wide-awake in turning corners. We played games in the streets as well as in the playground. The thoroughfares of Poole were not so crowded with passengers as to make this practice any public nuisance. Scourge-tops, peg-tops, and humming-tops were all patronized, the last-named, however, chiefly within doors; marbles, of course, upon the pavement. Of these we used chiefly three sorts. The most highly prized were the alleys of veined white marble, highly polished, the purest having often pink veins. Those of a yellow sort were called soap-alleys. Others, made of a compact blue or grey limestone, went by the name of "stoners." There was also an inferior sort, rudely moulded out of red and white clay, and baked, which were named "clayers."

A game called "long-galls"* was a favorite with Sells's boys, but I never heard of it elsewhere than in Poole. I never cared for it; it was something like prisoner's base. Another, named "ducks off,"† consisted in setting on a large flat stone a round stone as big as one's fist, which from a certain distance one strove to knock off by bowling at it a stone of similar size. Two boys or more did this in turn, with certain conditions and results determined by rules. Birds'-nesting, egg-stringing,

* Query "goals." — E. G.

† Still played, Mr. Thomas Hardy tells me, as "cobbs off," in the interior of the county. — E. G.

squailing at birds, flinging stones at anything or nothing, throwing a flat stone across water to produce "ducks and drakes," these, of course, were common. We used the term "jellick," no doubt a corruption of "jerk," to denote a mode of projecting a stone as the arm came suddenly against the ribs, or by a more fantastic trick still, against the thigh of the lifted right leg. Saturday afternoon was our only holiday, and in summer bathing in the sea was in vogue on these occasions. We never used the word "bathe," however, but invariably "get into water;" and this strange periphrase never seemed strange to me until after I left Poole. A party of us would "get into water" at Powderhouse, or over at Ham, or round by Windmill. This last is a little peninsular projection of the shore at West Butts, just in front of what at that time was Salter and Balston's rope-walk. I believe there was a tradition of a windmill having once stood on its gravelly extremity, but no traces of such an edifice existed in my day. One of the permanent channels of the muddy harbor, or rather of the backwater known as Hole's Bay, ran close by this spit of land, and was about waist-deep for us at ordinary tide, so that it was the spot most chosen for bathing by the bolder boys, who had learned or were learning to swim. Powderhouse suited those little coward urchins whose ambition reached not beyond knee-deep. I recollect very well "getting into water" at Windmill with W. and some other boys before I had learned to dip my head. One of the bigger ones, with W.'s approbation, W. having in vain exhorted me to dip, took forcible hold of me and ducked me several times, a process which doubtless did me good. We never, in our whole school course, once played truant, but other boys did, and the process was freely talked of among us. We called it "mich-ing," pronouncing the *i* in "mich" long, as in "mile," whereas in Devonshire the same word, in the same sense, is pronounced with the *i* short, as in "mill," thus making the word rhyme with "rich," a pronunciation unknown to us Poole boys.

The 29th of May, Oak-apple Day, was called Shicsack Day,* when all loyal urchins were expected to display a bit of oak in their hats or caps. A mere twig of oak leaves was sufficient, but if an oak-appe was attached it was better, while

* Mr. Hardy says: "It is still called 'Sic-sac Day' by the peasantry; I have no notion what the words mean."

those who wished to be altogether "the cheese" wore leaves or apples on which a fragment of gold leaf was gummed. There was a considerable demand for gold leaf just before the day at the stationers' shops, and for boys whose "tin" was scarce there was an inferior kind of foil provided called Dutch gold, while in the little hucksters' shops bits of oak duly gilt could be obtained "for a consideration."

Rude doggerel rhymes were repeated on occasions among the boys, and learned from one to another. Thus a boy would come suddenly behind another, and seizing him by the shoulders, proceed to dig his knee into the posteriors of the other, at every line of the following:—

I owed your mother
A pound of butter;
I paid her once,
I paid her twice,
I paid her three times over;

the last lines accompanying a kick of double vengeance.

In games in which one lad was set in antagonism to the rest, or had to be "he," as it was termed, such as the game of touch, the individual was determined by all standing in a circle, while one within repeated the following nonsense, touching a boy in succession at every word, and so going round and round the circle, when the one on whom the last word fell was "he." There used to be what might be called a *lectio varia* in the second line, as I indicate.

One-ry, oo-ry, ick-ry, an;
Bipsy, bopsy, { Solomon san;
 { Little Sir Jan;
Queery, quary,
Virgin Mary,
Nick, tick, tolonon tick,
O, U, T, out;
Rotton, totten, dish-clout,
Out jumps—He.

The word FINIS at the end of books was turned into the following poetic flight:—

F for Finis,
I for inis,
N for nuckley-bone,
I for Johnny Waterman,
S for Samuel Stone.

The next, I suspect, the boys learned from their little sisters, since the imagery is of a decidedly feminine cast:—

My needle and thread
Spells Nebuchadned;
My bodkin and scissors
Spells Nebuchadnezzar;
One pair of stockings and two pair of shoes
Spells Nebuchadnezzar the king of the Jews.

One boys meeting another would address him with these queries; the other giving the replies:—

"Doctor! Doctor! how's your wife?"

"Very bad, upon my life."

"Can she eat a bit of pie?"

"Yes, she can, as well as I."

Having gathered a tuft of the shepherd's purse (*Thlaspi bursapastoris*), so abundant by waysides, a boy would invite his unsuspecting fellow to pull off one of the triangular capsules. Then he would immediately cry:—

Pick-pocket, penny nail;
Throw the rogue into gaol!

suiting the action to the word by catching him hold, and dragging him off.

Whenever a crow (or rook) was seen, it was considered a kind of sacred duty incumbent on us, to shout,—

Crow! crow! get out o' my sight;
Or else I'll have your liver and light!

And it was scrupulously inculcated, that how distant soever the bird might be, it would immediately obey; and this in the face of a thousand experiences to the contrary.

In the gravel formations around Poole, perforated pebbles are not uncommon, and the occurrence of one of these was considered "lucky;" such a stone being denominated a "lucky stone." But in order to realize to the full the felicitous results of such a find, it was important to go through the following ceremony. The stone was picked up, spat upon, and then thrown backward over the head of the fortunate finder, who accompanied the action with the following rhyme:—

Lucky stone! lucky stone! go over my head,
And bring me some good luck before I go to bed.

There are certain tricks that can be practised on the same person only once. Of this kind were two insidious *ruses*, always held in reserve for a fresh boy. One of the initiated would attack the newcomer with an invitation to play at a pretty game, saying,—

"Now I'll begin. I one my mother."

The other is to reply,—

"I two my mother."

And they run the cardinals in alternation till the unsuspecting urchin comes to,—

"I eight my mother."

Immediately the artful tempter shouts, "Here's a wicked footer! He says he hates his mother!"

Or the device would be varied thus:

the dialogue would run down the alphabet, beginning,—

"I'll go to A,"

"I'll go to B,"

till the stranger comes in due course to,—

"I'll go to L,"

when, as before, a cry of affected surprise is raised,—

"Lo! what d'ye think? he says he'll go to hell!"

In both cases the trifling difference of the absence of the aspirate being of no moment.

While I was at Sells's school I was troubled with large warts on my fingers. One of these, under my thumb-nail, I saturated frequently with ink, as advised by a schoolfellow, and at length it came away bodily, leaving a cavity lined with healthy skin, which soon filled up and left no trace of the wart. Another I *charmed* away. I was told to rub the wart with a bit of cheese, which was then to be buried secretly, and was assured that as the cheese decayed so would the wart. I followed the directions implicitly, and the wart did disappear, totally, within a few days, with no further process; but how much of the result was owing to the magic I will not dare to say. *Post* is not always *propter*.

It was soon after I joined Mr. Sells's school that I learned to whistle. I distinctly recollect the very spot where I was when I first succeeded. I had often before this, as I walked with W., shaped my mouth when he whistled in the street, in order that I might dishonestly share in the reputation of the coveted accomplishment; but one afternoon, as I was going to school alone, just as I came in front of the row in Perry Garden, beyond Globe Lane, I succeeded, to my delight, in whistling the tune to which

Jesus, lover of my soul!

was ordinarily sung at meeting. With great delight and pride did I achieve this feat.

My recollections of my schoolfellows are naturally confined principally to those in whose conduct or appearance there was some marked peculiarity. As a rule the boys at Mr. Sells's were all on one level, but there were two little fellows, Charley and Tom D—, the grandsons of a wealthy lady, who were in a manner privileged, and therefore disliked by the rest of us. Charley was a self-conscious, priggish urchin, a very fussy little fellow. On entering the schoolroom in the morning, instead of the quiet bow, he would bustle in with "Good-morning, Mr. Sells!" He

one day volunteered to blab on John Brown and me, but confounding our names in his excitement he shouted, "John Gosse and Philip *Braown*, sir, talking!"

At the window farthest from the master's desk sat Fred Fox, son of a dyer in New Street, a tall and silent lad, who used to come to school with his hands deeply empurpled with home work at the dyeing-vat, and who would hide his hands under the desk to avoid our observing them. A poor little starveling named George G——, stepson of Bob Randall, the cabinet-maker in Market Place, greatly excited our sympathy and compassion, for though he was a gentle, timid little fellow, we all knew that his stepfather was addicted to the bottle, and that his mother cruelly beat and starved him.

There were three stout lads, the sturdy sons of a stalwart French emigrant, who lived at a pleasant cottage at the end of the Parade. They and their father were always dressed in hodden-grey. These boys were among our private friends. Not so the four brothers H——, William, Henry, Haviland, and Peter, the sons of a sort of rustic squire or gentleman farmer, who owned an estate on the Wimborne road, just where it leaves the head of Hole's Bay. These lads were very boorish, Harry especially, whose forehead was "villanously low." One day when Haviland and Peter were standing side by side in class, the former found himself somewhat crowded, and turning sharply to his young brother said, "What d'ye funch I for? Peter, sir, a-funchin'!" There was a lad named George Harris, whose father owned a stoneyard in High Street, in front of the Wesleyan Chapel. George was a big-built, heavy, hulking lad, rather dull in intellect, if not indeed half-witted. Yet had he managed to learn the multiplication table, which he repeated *suo more*. Every item he invariably introduced with the conjunction disjunctive:—

"But 7 times 9 is 63;

"But 7 times 10 is 70;

"But 7 times 11 is 77;" with a strong emphasis on the "But," and a ducking of his head and a blinking of both eyes at each statement. Poor simple harmless George was rather a favorite amongst us boys. One day much later he and another youth took a small skiff and sailed to Studland Bay; a squall capsized it and they both were drowned.

Jerry, Charley, and Tom H—— were queer fishes. Each of these brothers had a gait of his own—three varieties of elegance. Jerry leaned forward as he walked,

so that you expected to see him at every moment come down upon his face; Charley hung behind, so that he looked as though he were going to sit down at every step; while Tom cherished the graceful habit of striking the fellow-ankle with each foot as he lifted it, slavering his lips with his protruding tongue as he walked withal. The idea of correcting these peculiarities never occurred, I think, to Mr. Sells or to the lad's parents. A rather poor boy named Bill Jewell, whose parents kept a little huckster's shop in Towngate Street, just opposite the burial-ground gate, one day let fall his slate from his hand. Poor Bill looked towards Mr. Sells, and said in an apologetic tone, "It tumbled down." This gave Mr. Sells occasion to explain the difference between "tumble" and "fall," illustrating the use of each by examples. What the effect was on Bill Jewell I know not, but the little casual lecture sank deep into *my* brain, and was never obliterated. This was a sample of Sells's interesting manner of instruction.

I find I can recall as many as fifty of Sells's boys with more or less distinctness. I shall mention in particular but one more, an Irish boy named Dan Duggan, from Portsmouth. This lad was a square-set, active, broad-visaged chap, with a great fund of animal spirits, and that readiness of repartee and fondness for broad buffoonery which characterize Irish boys generally. He comes up before my memory most vividly, however, as the subject of a terrible thrashing which he suffered from Sells. He had several times got into trouble for his idleness and mischief and aversion to learning. For this he took it into his head to run away, he being a boarder. Mr. Sells missed him suddenly one day, and having some suspicion of his hopeful pupil, he went straight on board one of Manlaw's hoys, then at the quay, on the very point of sailing for Portsmouth, where he found the truant coiled away among the sails in the hold. Dan was dragged back to school, when a solemn arraignment was made, judgment pronounced, and punishment executed forthwith, before us all. He was horsed on another boy's back, and received a wholesome caning, during which he squealed uproariously. The moment he was down, however, the very instant, as Sells had turned to walk back to his desk, my young gentleman, squatting on his heels, began his grimaces, moping and mowing, and lolling out his tongue at his master. Whether from some expression on the wondering boys' faces, or from

some other cause, Sells suddenly turned round, caught the unrepentant urchin *flagrante delicto*, hoisted him a second time, put his head into a green satchel, and administered to the still tingling frame a caning which left no room for buffoonery this time. Then, bag still on head, Dan was thrust up a staircase which opened from the schoolroom, and of him we saw no more.

We told this story at our homes with a great deal of sympathy and compassion for Dan. We talked of it day after day; we narrated it to female relatives, and elicited from them expressions of pity. It was even proposed and discussed among us that we should write a placard,

WHO BEAT THE POOR BOY?

and, going by night to the Parade, should paste it on the shutters of Sells's school, thinking to crush him with the verdict of public opinion. But whether this was felt to be too terrible an infliction, or whether we dared not to resort to it, it never went beyond discussion. It should be said that it was not the whipping, which was ordinary enough, but the muffling of the culprit with the green cap of execution that mainly moved our boyish indignation, though the young rogue richly deserved what he got; and even this, after what had occurred before, was no more than a just retribution. Pedagogue and pupil must have healed their breaches, for I heard of their meeting again many years later, and drinking a bottle of wine together.

Of the primitive Dorset dialect, such as I have since seen it written down in the poems of Mr. Barnes, I recollect many examples at Sells's. Among the oddities of pronunciation which prevailed among the less cultivated of the boys, there were two which doubtless were lingering remnants of the old Anglo-Saxon. The rural and more vulgar Poole boys used the word "thik" for the pronoun "this," the "th" being sounded hard in each case. The other word was "ich" (with the *i* long as in "ice"); this was heard mainly in the form "ichy," and always in a sort of simulated humbleness in begging, as when one lad, seeing another eating an apple or a cake, would hold out his hand, saying, "Gi' ichy a bit!" "What, none for poor ichy!" But when Abbotsbury people came to Poole they amused us with a further peculiarity, for among them "ich" was the word commonly used for the personal pronoun "I." And we used to repeat, as traditionally recited in a rapid and laughably unintelligible way, the fol-

lowing reply of an Abbotsbury lad to the question, "What had you for dinner?" "Br'd and cheese ich had; what ich had ich ate; ich 'd ate more if ich 'd had 't." This, rolled off the tongue with all possible haste and with every *i* elided, made a most extraordinary utterance. The interesting point is the preservation of the Teutonic form "Ich."*

Sells occasionally took his boys, though almost all of us were but day-scholars, for a long walk. On one occasion we went to Wimborne, six miles there and six miles back; but at Plainfield, on the way, we borrowed a donkey, which gave some relief as well as aided the fun. The donkey had to carry six of us at a time; the hindermost one would enjoy rather a precarious seat, certainly; but this did not matter, and the mirth was uproarious. Another time he took us along the Wareham road, but possibly not to Wareham itself, which was ten miles off; yet we returned after dark, for I recollect that on the way home Mr. Sells surprised us by suddenly calling out, "I see the American moon!" thus bringing home to us the fact that the orb which we saw was shining at that moment upon America also.

During the time I speak of Sells's was certainly the principal day-school in Poole; but Mr. John Hosier, who kept a school of somewhat lower grade in Cinnamon Lane, enjoyed considerable local reputation for his teaching of writing, ciphering, and navigation. Hosier was an old man who had knocked about the world a good deal in a rough way; had been a sailor, had filled some maritime situation in the port of Bonavista in Newfoundland, and in many ways had acquired the sympathies of a marine population. He was a Wesleyan, and used to tell his boys how he had lain across a table all night on one occasion, weeping in agony on account of his sins. He was, notwithstanding, a cheery, well-meaning old fellow, fond of merriment, and easily induced in the middle of school time to produce a repertory of stale jokes. His wife, a gaunt, masculine woman, used to call in a piercing shout up the schoolroom stairs, "Hosier!" "What, my dear?" "What's a clock?"

* Mr. Thomas Hardy writes to me: "This and kindred words, e.g., 'ich woli,' 'er woli,' 'er war' (I will, he will, he was), etc., are still used by old people in north-west Dorset and Somerset. (Vide Grammer Oliver's conversation in 'The Woodlanders,' which is an attempted reproduction.) I heard 'ich' only last Sunday, but it is dying rapidly. I know nobody now under seventy who speaks so, and those above it use the form [only] in their impulsive moments." It does not appear to occur in Mr. Barnes's *Vale of Blackmore* dialect poems. — E. G.

"A pretty round thing up a-top o' Market-house." Hosier used to jest with his castigations. When he had applied the ferula, he used to say to the criminal, referring to his smarting hand, "Put that in your pocket against Poole Fair!" and he would sometimes make his boys say, on pain of a second edition, "Thank ye, sir, for the good you've done me!" As we used to pass Hosier's window coming from Sells's, we lingered to admire the specimens of penmanship which were exhibited in it; and particularly a sheet containing two winged babes, done in "flourish," with a sailor beneath, and the inscription, for the grammar of which Diddin was scarcely responsible:—

These are sweet little cherubs what sits up aloft,

To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

But in 1823 I was sent off to more serious schooling at Blandford, and both Sells and Hosier passed out of my experience.

P. H. GOSSE.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
AN OUTPOST ADVENTURE.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

THE war correspondent who accompanied the Russian army which crossed the Danube in the summer of 1877, and who had the good fortune to be a *persona grata*, found his path of duty made exceedingly easy for him. And whether he was a *persona grata* or not depended almost entirely on himself. His newspaper might be held in obloquy, but the authorities ignored the hostility of the paper with something that closely resembled magnanimity, and the correspondent was not held responsible for the tone of his journal, but only for the matter in it which he himself contributed. It is rather a mild way of putting it to say that the *Standard*, for instance, was not friendly to Russia throughout the period in question; but Mr. Boyle, its representative, was quite frankly accepted, and has testified to the courtesy and comradeship of the Russian officers. He had to go, and everybody ought to rejoice that this fate befell him, because it was the occasion of his brilliant and amusing book, "The Diary of an Expelled Correspondent;" the *terribila causa* assigned was a passage in one of his letters. The *Daily Telegraph* could not have struck the reader as being more bitter against the

Russians than was its contemporary of Shoe Lane; but the gentleman designated to represent it when he presented himself at Kischieneff was refused his legitimization. This, however, was for reasons purely personal to the candidate, of whom something was known in the Russian headquarters, and in no degree because of the tone of the journal by which he was accredited.

His distinguishing badge once strapped round his upper arm—he had repudiated with a shriek of horror the dreadful brass plate such as street-corner messengers now wear that was first served out to him—the well-seen correspondent stood, or moved, chartered to do pretty much anything he pleased. It may seem a paradox; but the Russians are simply the most democratic people in Europe, and for a Russian to be *borné* would be a contradiction in terms. Every officer was the correspondent's comrade. Prince Shakosky, the ill-conditioned general who made such a mess of the July Plevna, was the only exception I ever knew. If the samovar was in service the officer shared his tea with the correspondent; in the middle of a battle if the officer had a couple of sandwiches he would offer one of them to the correspondent. From the highest to the lowest, in regard to military information, the Russians were incredibly frank; the correspondent never required to ask questions as to situation, dispositions, or intentions—information in regard to those matters was volunteered to him. The only secret they ever had—and I must own they kept it well—was in regard to the point at which the crossing of the Danube was to be made. Skobelev "had not the faintest idea," although a couple of hours previously he had been reconnoitring the approaches. Prince Tzeretlev "really had not the remotest conception." Still, even in regard to the crossing of the Danube, the friendly Russians were not inexorable. I could not be told the locality of the crossing, but I should be escorted betimes to the headquarters of the general commanding the division which was to take the lead in the operations. It was rather an amusing experience. The guide sent to escort me was in the uniform of a private soldier—a tall, handsome man, riding a fine grey horse. He spoke English fluently and without a trace of accent. As we rode along together and talked, the tone of this private soldier's conversation bewildered me. He knew his Europe as if it had been his native parish. He had what

Americans call "the inside track" in regard to English affairs, social, political, and financial. He spoke of country houses of which he had been the guest, and commented on the merits of a piece of statuary in the drawing-room at Sandringham. At last I asked his name. He was of one of Russia's oldest princely families, and belonged to the diplomatic corps, but when the war began had volunteered for military service, and, not being qualified to be an officer, had fallen into line as a private soldier. As we rode along I asked him where we were bound for, not imagining that a destination to which we were full *en route* could be any longer a secret. But he looked upon it still in this light, no doubt in accordance with his instructions, and of course I had no more to say for the time being. By-and-by we reached a point whence radiated four cross-roads. It became obvious to me that my guide was himself at fault. I took no heed while he led me first along one road a little way, then along another, returning puzzled to the cross-roads. At last he had to confess, "It seems to me that I've lost my way." "Sorry I cannot be of any service," was my remark, "since I do not know where it is you want to go to. I have been all over this region and know where each of these roads leads." My prince-private-soldier-diplomatist burst into a laugh, and then mentioned our destination. "Then this way," said I, "about an hour's ride."

After the crossing of the Danube in the last days of June the Russian army spread out into the adjacent Bulgarian country like a fan. Krüdener went west to subdue Nicopolis, and later to come to grief at Plevna. Gourko rode away over the Balkans, through the Hankioj Pass, on that adventurous expedition which sanguine people expected to end at Adrianople. The Twelfth Corps forged away slowly in the easterly direction, toward the Danubian fortress of Rustchuk, the key-point of the Turkish quadrilateral in Bulgaria, and its advance I accompanied over the low, rolling country, towards the Jantra, and later athwart the more broken terrain between the Jantra and the Lom. It was a sort of holiday stroll for Driesen's cavalry division, which leisurely pioneered the way for the force which later came to be known as "the army of the Cesarewitch." We were received with offerings of corn, oil, and wine by the conscript fathers of Biela, and tarried in that pleasant *rus in urbe* for a couple of days. Then by short marches we dawdled on past the

copses of Monastir, and the grain-clad slopes of Obertenik, until well on into July we pitched camp on a long swell falling down to the Danube at Pírgos, with Rustchuk away in front of us, some ten miles off. We were far enough forward, pending the coming up of supports; so we threw out picquets to the front and flanks, and made ourselves as comfortable as might be in the bright sunshine tempered by cool breezes blowing down from the Balkans.

Baron Driesen was an active man, and made work for himself. He was always leading reconnaissances into the country up and across the Lom, in the course of which he had the occasional amusement of a skirmish. I used to accompany him on these expeditions, just to keep myself and my horses in exercise; they were quite unimportant from my professional point of view, and a dozen of them would not have been worth the cost of a five-line telegram. My comrade Villiers preferred to go sketching in the glens with dear old General Arnoldi, one of the brigade commanders, the simplest, quaintest, most lovable of old gentlemen, and I should think the worst cavalry brigade commander to be found, even in the Russian army. The other brigade chief, Staal von Holstein, read and wrote all day in the shade under the wide fly of his pretty striped tent, coming over to us in the evening to smoke a cigarette, drink a tumbler of tea, and relieve our *ennui* with his pleasant gossip about men, women, and things.

It was not my affair, but I confess I did not greatly relish the position we occupied. The division, with its batteries of artillery, was out here all by itself, with no infantry within several miles, both its flanks bare, overlapped by the Turks on its right, its left utterly in the air, and its line of retreat by no means safe. But while the Russians treated those conditions with a fine indifference, the Turks did not display any enterprise. A few weeks later they woke up, it is true; and then the Russians had to fall back out of the unsafe angle, with considerable losses, and not without confusion; but by that time I was elsewhere, and in watching the abortive efforts to drive Osman Pacha out of Plevna had ceased to feel a vivid interest in the fortunes of the army of the Lom.

I must describe in a little more detail the position of Driesen's cavalry division in those July days of 1877, and the country in its vicinity, because I wish to de-

scribe a risky little experience that happened to me then, to follow the narration of which this description is requisite.

I have already mentioned that our camp was on a long swell running inland at about right angles from the Danube. Before us, as we looked out from the front of the camp in the direction of Rustchuk, there ran parallel to our position a long valley—deep, but with smooth bottom and sides—on which were fields of grain that had been cut and set up into stooks. Over against us, on the further side of this valley, rose a ridge very similar in formation to our own, but having its crest closed with woods, and on its slope facing us were clumps of trees interspersed among the cornfields. The valley between the two ridges was for the time neutral ground. The Turks held the wooded ridge confronting us, and our fore-post line ran along in our front about half-way down the slope of our ridge as it trended down into the intervening valley.

One bright, warm afternoon our friends the enemy brought forward a couple of batteries of field-guns, and from a position in front of the wood which crested their ridge opened fire against our camp. The range was a long one, but the Turks had Krupp guns, and their shells came lobbing across the valley and occasionally pitched among the tents. The Russians, who have a great propensity to the *dolce far niente* when the weather is warm, could not be bothered to reply to this fire for quite a while; but at length, about four o'clock, I saw their gunners busy among the field-guns that were ranged in position along the front of the camp.

Just then I met Baron Driesen, who told me that he had remained quiet thus long because of a little scheme he had adopted to surprise and perhaps to cut off the Turkish guns opposite us there. Some two hours earlier, when he first noticed the guns being brought up into position, he had sent off Holstein with the light cavalry regiment of his brigade—the “Grey Hussars” we used to call them, from the color of their horses—away to our right, with orders, if practicable, to cross the valley higher up out of sight of the Turks and, getting on to the slope of their ridge, work northward through the clumps of trees, till, if they had the luck to get so far, within charging distance of the left flank of the Turkish batteries, when the Russian troopers were to do their best to capture the guns.

I am an old cavalry man, and naturally

always eager to be with the mounted arm on any duty assigned to it, and I rather made a grievance of it to the baron that he had not let me know of the despatch of Holstein and his Greys, that I might have gone along with them. He was the best-tempered man in the world. “Why,” said he, “standing here, you’ve got the whole panorama under your eye, and if they have the luck to get up and do anything you can see them work a great deal better, and, what is more, a great deal more safely, than if you were over there with them, blinded by dust and smoke.” But, nevertheless, I was only half-content.

The Russian guns opened presently, and then there was an hour or two of reprisal at long bowls, and nothing else. The Russians lost a horse or two, and one unfortunate fellow was cut in two back in the camp, but the futile powder-burning was getting very tedious. All at once, however, I noticed some horsemen showing little glimpses of themselves out of a long clump of trees a few hundred yards below, and on the left of the Turkish batteries.

“Look, baron!” cried I, “there are Holstein’s cavalry fellows, sure enough. They’ve worked round beautifully—quite artistically—and now they are gathering in that clump, getting ready for their dash at the guns!”

Driesen was not an enthusiastic man, and he rather drawled in his speech. “You may be right,” he said, “but I, for my part, have a shrewd suspicion these horsemen are Turkish Tcherkesses, prowling about there just to cover that left flank of the batteries which I gave Holstein as his objective.”

“Why,” I exclaimed, “look at the grey horses. There can be no mistake!”

“*Mon Dieu!*” retorted the baron, “can’t a Turkish Tcherkess ride a grey horse as well as a Russian Hussar?”

“Well,” said I, for Driesen’s apathy made me the more stubborn in my own opinion, “I’m positive they are our fellows; and I am going across the valley to watch closely how they make their rush.”

“Don’t be a fool!” said the baron genially. “Even if they are our fellows, you are much better here; and if you cross, and they are not, why then——” and he shrugged his broad shoulders.

But I was obstinate; Driesen was sufficiently conversant with our language to quote the proverb about “a wilful man;” and so away I rode to the front out beyond the Russian guns, down the slope, and

through the outpost line, crouching behind the corn stooks about half-way down. I cantered briskly across the bottom of the valley, which I found to be a deeper trough than I had imagined; and then at a slower pace began to ascend the slope of the Turkish ridge, heading for the clump of trees about which I had seen the horsemen.

I had got nearly half-way up. I could hear the shrill scream of the shells speeding from ridge to ridge high over my head, as I plodded on upward, sitting well forward in my saddle, with a grip of my horse's mane in one hand. Just as I entered a cornfield, crack, crack, whizz, whizz, came a couple of bullets close by me from behind a corn-stook close in front of me. I halted involuntarily, dazed with surprise, and took a hurried survey of the situation. It was not difficult to comprehend it at a glance. Moving in an easy, careless way I had ridden close up against the Turkish outpost line, which, just as was the Russian line on the opposite side of the valley, was drawn athwart the slope behind the cut grain. So close was I that I could actually see the Paynim rascals grinning at my attitude of scare.

Shot followed shot, and each one served to quicken my realization of the fact that it was extremely injudicious to remain there longer than was quite convenient. So I wheeled sharply in my tracks and galloped headlong down the steep slope, stretched along my horse's neck. I did not wait to exchange any civilities of leave-taking with the humorous gentlemen squatting behind the corn-stooks.

In a twinkling, long before I had reached the bottom, the Russian outpost line had opened fire on the Turkish outliers who were persecuting me, and this friendly act drew off from me the attention of the latter. Quite a general, although desultory, musketry skirmish ensued, the bullets of both sides whistling over my head, down in the bottom of the valley as I was by this time. But though I had ceased to be a target I did not feel in the least comfortable. I could not get home among the Russians while they kept up this abominable shooting of theirs—that was too clear—unless I was prepared to take an equal risk to that from which I had just been mercifully preserved. If you are shot it makes no perceptible difference to you whether it is friend or foe who performs the deed. The Turkish side, again, was renewing its inhospitable demonstrations; and it was not at all nice to remain quiescent down in the bottom of the valley,

since every now and then a malignant Turk, disregarding his natural enemies the Russians over against him up there, would take a shot by way of variety at the inoffensive neutral prowling down below in the middle distance.

In my perplexity I resolved to follow up the trough of the valley till I should reach a section of the Russian front where quietude might be reigning, and where, therefore, I would have the chance to get back inside the friendly lines and out of my embarrassing predicament.

But as I moved along I carried strife and the fire along with me. The Russians, out in front of whom I had originally ridden down into the valley, had known at least that I had come from their camp, and had let me alone as being a friend. But as I moved out of their ken I found myself the pariah of both sides, the Ishmaelite against whom was every man's hand. Neither side had any good feeling toward me, and both took occasional shots at me, which came a great deal too near to be pleasant. Then, having fired at me, nothing would content them but that they should set about firing at each other, and so I was like a fox with a firebrand tied to its tail, spreading conflagration whithersoever I went. By-and-by I came on a bend in the valley, and this gave me hope; but as I marched along I thought I should never get to where the two hostile outpost lines ceased to confront each other. And then all of a sudden the valley began to disappear altogether and merge into the uplands, a change in the ground which bade fair to deprive me of what little cover the valley had been affording.

Suddenly, from an adjacent clump on the Turkish side of the shadowing valley, three horsemen came dashing down on me at a gallop. The alternatives were so clear that he who ran might read, and I was moving at a walk. Either the Turks would make a prisoner of me (if, indeed, they did not kill me on the spot), or I must, if I would make an effort to escape this fate, take my chance of the Russian fire as I galloped for the shelter of the Russian outpost line.

"Of two evils choose the less," says the wise proverb. I had made up my mind, much more quickly than I can write the words down, to ride in upon the Russians; and so I gave my horse the spur and fled from my Turkish pursuers. It was pretty clear that the Russians had no sort of comprehension of the situation, but they judged that the simplest course, pending

an explanation, was to try to kill somebody; so they opened fire with zeal.

For me it was like charging a square. I actually all but rode over a man who was confronting me kneeling, with his (presumably empty) rifle held like a pike; and when I was pulled up abruptly inside the Russian straggling line by a strong jerk on my horse's bit that threw him back on his haunches, I found myself surrounded by a *chevaux de frise* of bayonet-points projecting from rifles held by angry, vociferating, and unintelligible persons of Slavonic extraction.

I never knew very much practicable Russian, and at that time three words was the sum of my acquaintance with that euphonious tongue. None of the three was at all applicable to the conditions of the moment, but I emitted them all in succession, making the best of my scanty stock in trade. They availed me nothing. Neither the officer nor any of his men knew a word of English, French, or German. In vain I looked for the Polish Jew who forms a considerable item in most Russian regiments, and who has always a smattering of abominable low German. Failing to make my captors understand anything concerning me, I was dismounted with considerable vigor, and promptly taken prisoner, one armed man on either side of me, and a third in a strategic position in the rear. As for my Turkish pursuers, two of them had turned when within a few yards of the Russian post; the third left his horse dead on the ground and himself limped back wounded.

For the only time save one, while I was with the Russian army, did I produce my formal "pass" — my captors refused to give any heed to the badge on my arm, and probably had no conception what it meant. Now the "pass" consisted of a photograph of the correspondent, with a dab of red wax on his chest, on which was impressed the headquarters seal, while on the back were written certain cabalistic figures, which, I had been given to understand, instructed all and sundry to whom "these presents" might come to recognize the bearer and assist him by all means in their power. It happened that I had grown a beard since the photograph was taken which constituted my authentication; my captors failed to recognize any resemblance between my bearded countenance and the smooth face of the photograph, and there was thus an added element of suspicion. At length it was resolved to send me up to the camp, to be dealt with there by superior authority.

A sergeant and two men shortly marched me off in the direction of the headquarters, while a third led my horse. It was a long tramp, and I was not allowed to choose my own pace. At length, on the plateau before the camp, the divisional flag was seen. The artillery firing was over, and Baron Driesen and his staff were standing behind the still hot guns.

My appearance was greeted with a simultaneous roar of laughter, in which I tried to join, I confess, rather ruefully.

"Well," said Driesen dryly, "can you believe now that Turkish Tcherkesses can ride grey horses as well as can Russian Hussars?"

But as we walked back together to drink tea in his tent, there was genuine feeling in the quiet heartiness with which he congratulated me on my escape from this outpost adventure.

From Temple Bar.

TO THE NORTH CAPE.

ALL day long we had been in the highest state of expectancy, and as midnight approached, with an intense eagerness we watched the sun, following for a while the line of the horizon, its circle appearing to become of enormous size as its lower rim touched the waves. The sky was now of a brilliant red gold, and the rough waters of the Polar Sea ruby-lit with its gleams, and then as we waited breathless, chameleon-like the tints of heaven and earth changed as the sun sank lower and lower. Midnight had come, and in a few moments the blazing orb half-sunk into the sea, rose again, and the lights, which for an instant had half-deadened, once more illuminated the whole scene with wonderful splendor.

With the new day a sudden squall arose, and somewhat doubtful as to the seafaring qualities of our tiny steamer, descending from the sublime to the ridiculous, we entreated our captain to bring us in all speed back to the smooth waters of the fjord, though we were not without encountering a very rough time first.

On our return journey we called in at Hammerfest, where during the summer months the harbor, crowded with English, Russian, French, and other vessels, presents a most lively appearance. Very desolate and bare is the quaint little town itself, with not a leaf or flower to be seen. Here during a period of the winter there is scarcely an hour's day, but the sky is aglow with northern lights, at times like a

curtain of fire, lifting and falling again, at others as a golden shower, and then again displaying all the prismatic colors, or stretching a white arch of light across the sky with a span as broad as a rainbow.

The planets all cast a dim shadow, as the young moon does with us, whilst the great stars in their clear heavens shine like nothing we in England have ever seen.

At Tromsøe, the sheltered capital of northern Norway, our steamer remained just long enough to allow us to visit an interesting encampment of Lapps, and their reindeer, in the neighborhood. The company we visited had pitched their tents on the side of the mountain, and about a dozen or more seemed to live comfortably enough in a space we might portion off for so many hens and chickens. Both men and women were remarkably short, seldom more than four feet high, with eyes wide apart, and flat, expressionless faces. They wore reindeer garments with leather boots up to the knee, and bright-colored hats in form of sou'-westers on their tangled locks. At our request the men called loudly to the Lapp in chief, who was waiting for a summons upon the hills to bring down his herd of reindeer, and very soon the cries of the dogs and the rattling of the horns of the deer were to be heard, as the beautiful creatures answered to the call of their master and bounded down the hillsides towards us. The patriarchal Lapp, after we had made a few vain attempts at exchanging courtesies, signified he expected a handsome donation for his trouble, and on saying "good-bye," we noticed that the Norwegian sailors who accompanied us each gave his coin in turn, it being considered unlucky to part with a Lapp without offering some small gift.

After leaving Tromsøe we sailed onwards with all speed, stopping but rarely at the stations on the way, until we reached Molde, of which place we had heard such charming accounts, that we decided to rest there for a few days before proceeding to our journey's end.

Here we bade the captain and officers adieu with many regrets, watching until the steamer, our pleasant home for three weeks, had become a mere speck in the distance.

After passing so long through tracts of such sterile country, the contrast of the beautiful wooded scenery before us was striking indeed, and we could not but revel in the luxuriant beauty of the vegetation, both higher and lower mountains,

rising behind the town, being richly clothed with woods, the dark green of the pines contrasting exquisitely with the delicate silver birches. The smooth verdure of the meadows, carpet-like, was embroidered with every wild flower that blows, and the fruit-trees in the little cottage gardens were heavy with their burden of crimson fruit. The calm lake reflected every surrounding beauty, every flash of the bright sun, until when the light had faded and darkness not yet descended, it gleamed cold and spectral, whilst the mists from the valley plains rose and wreathed the smiling scene of day in a thick white shroud.

The morning after our arrival at Molde a wedding took place at one of the neighboring farmhouses, and a pretty sight it was, as the bridegroom, after helping to push off the boats, which were covered with flags and flowers, sprang in by the side of his lady-love, to be pelted with white roses by the bridesmaids all in their picturesque peasants' costume. The bride herself was in a beautiful silver crown, adorned with garnets, and hung with bright pendants and tufts of colored wool. As the boat glided across the waters towards a white-spired church among the hills, the voices of the wedding party joining in a chorale, rang out full and clear over the lake.

An eight days' drive through the exquisite valley of the Romsdal is never to be forgotten, bringing to us the brightest recollections of all our Norwegian wanderings. We accomplished, on an average, between forty and fifty miles a day, stopping at each of the houses, built at the expense of the government, for the comfort of travellers along the road, where we could change our carioles and ponies, most willing and "old-fashioned" beasts, and order either luncheon or supper.

Although the living in Norway is excellent, there is, it must be confessed, a certain sameness in the menus—always a beef-steak after the inevitable fried salmon, and then pancakes, and dishes of the amber-colored *molle berre* (many berries) served with huge jugs of cream, whipped to a froth with an appliance not unlike a broom. When our meal was over the servant of the house would appear with an always absurdly moderate bill, and on receiving the money would shake hands all round with us, and have been extremely surprised to find us waiting in readiness to return her hearty salute.

As a rule, the Norwegian peasants

speaking English remarkably well, and only quite in the interior did we come across those who were not able to chatter fluently enough with us on most subjects. We were highly amused when we heard some British tourists trying hard to give their orders in Norwegian at one of the small inns on the road.

"Oh, sir," exclaimed the landlady with great *naïveté*, "if only you would speak in English, how much better we should understand you!"

The scenery through this wonderful valley, which is considered one of the finest in the world, defies all description: winding for miles between gigantic cliffs, through dropping streams and silvery cascades, with forests of dark firs towering on every side. In the distance rises a long, extended range of peaks and pinnacles, and here and there one range peeps out behind another until lost and fading with the white mists, like hanging cities and castles in the air. The valley itself is green, and smiling with flowery ways, and studded with cosy homesteads nestling among leafy gardens. The pretty farmeresses all work in the fields with the laborers, tossing the hay, and binding up the sheaves with much good-will and ardor. As travellers pass on the road, they pause in their work, nod and wave their hands, with a kindly greeting on their lips.

On reaching the shores of the lake Mjösen once more we exchanged our delightful cariole-driving for steamer and railway. The Norwegian trains leave much yet to be desired, creeping onward at about the rate of a languid "four-wheeler,"

and remaining an unconscionable time at every station. On the following day at noon, the church spires and white houses of Christiania, backed by an amphitheatre of hills, appeared in sight, and as we neared the town we were much struck by its entirely unique aspect and by the charm of the surrounding scenery. The warmth of the air and the clear brilliancy of the sky involuntarily recall southern latitudes, and although parallel with Shetland, which is treeless and bare, the forest environs of Christiania are green with spruce and pine, plane and sycamore, whilst apples and cherries, and even pears and apricots, ripen to perfection in the open air.

In the winter the lakes are often frozen over for weeks together, and many are the sledging and skating parties carried forward. The sun only shines for a few hours in the middle of the day, but then with dazzling beauty, and hundreds of yellow butterflies may be seen flitting over the ice, and amid the snow-laden boughs of the forest.

"Our beautiful world," said the old peasant who was telling of these winter glories, "would win you English people as much when the whole earth is white and the aurora gleams in the sky, as when in summer the pastures are rich and green, and the fjords shine in the sunlight."

And when the time arrived for us to return to the work-a-day world of London, it was with a longing desire to revisit these lovely and peaceful shores that we bade place and people a last *far-vel*.

FOG IN PARLIAMENT. — The promoters of the movement in favor of smoke abatement will rejoice to hear of the comparative failure of the experiment tried in the House of Commons of sifting the air through layers of cotton wool as it is pumped through the ventilating chambers into the House. Although the atmosphere of the House of Commons compared favorably with that of the House of Lords, the constant opening and shutting of doors permitted the fog to enter. The members, therefore, will be driven to the conclusion that, if they determine to legislate in a clear atmosphere, they must provide for the prevention of fog in the whole of London, as well as in the legislative chamber itself. The recent fogs have certainly demonstrated the necessity for an improved method of warming houses. There is no inherent reason why every house should be permitted to pour from half-a-dozen

or a dozen chimneys the smoke which makes London almost intolerable at this time of year. Factories and workshops are required to consume their own smoke, and, if the same arrangement cannot be made for every dwelling-house, there is no reason why a group of houses should not be warmed from a common centre. We cannot all have cotton-wool filters to ensure the purity of the air contents of our houses, and even if this were possible our streets would be no better. The existence of a law which permitted a local authority to levy a tax in regard to dwelling-houses which were especially faulty in this respect would soon lead to the exercise of more ingenuity than has yet been displayed in the construction of smokeless grates. We are not afraid that local authorities would err by the too free exercise of such a power; hitherto no one could accuse them of any tendency to be over-zealous.

Lancet.

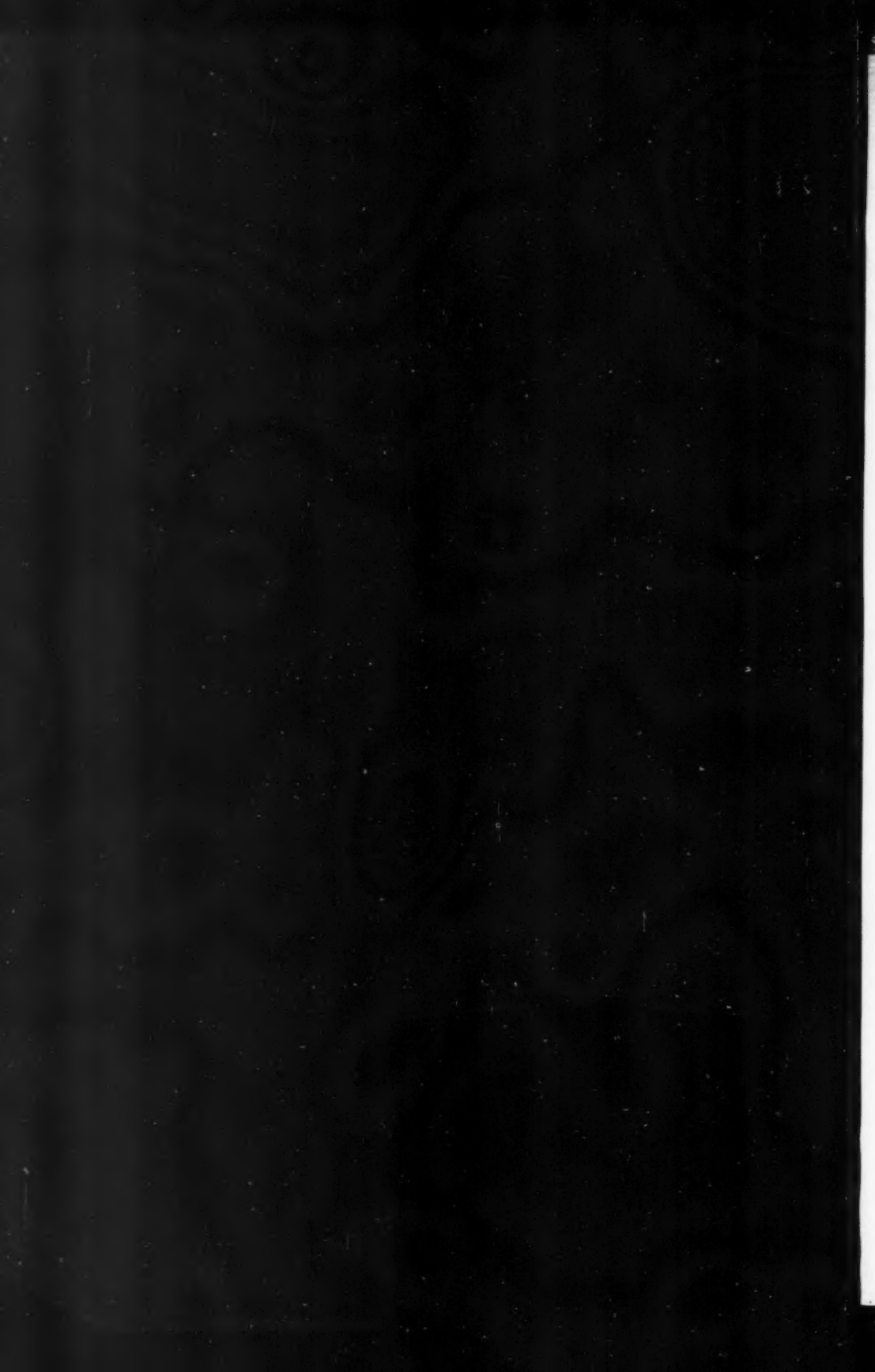
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